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#### BEAUTIFUL STAR.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

- Oh, beautiful star, as thou shinest afar, In the sparkling vault of night, With joy I gaze at thy gentle blaze, Thou gem of purest light! Thy lovely smile will from pain beguile, When the sorrowing seek relief; Thy kindly ray, in its own sweet way, Calls back the heart from grief.
- The dazzling light of the diamond bright, And its partial ray on the proud and gay
  Alone will deign to shine;
  But thou smilest as fair on the brow of care
  As on the joy-lit eye,
  And thy ray of love, from the realms above,
  Brings mercy from on high,
- Oh, beautiful star, that shinest afar,
  In the azure vault of heaven,
  To thee a power, in this darker hour,
  A lovely power is given,
  To whisper of Heaven to the soul that's riven,
  To smile on the sad and the gay;
  And ever is lent, with thy sweetness blent,
  Thy gentle and lovely ray.

## The Black Crescent: COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE.

A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR. WINTER-1871. How mournful the dull, half-smothered voice of the wind as it coursed around the corners and through the streets of the old Monumental! How pe-

culiar the sound of business hum, and how dreary the darkness of advancing night, misted with thick-falling snow!

It was very cold and cheerless; but the rich parlors of Harnden Forde, on Eutaw street, were ablaze and warm, and no gloomy touch of the icy air without could enter touch of the icy air without could enter

Eola Forde, a beautiful girl of twenty-two years—we say girl, for four of those years might have been stricken off without being missed—with rosy cheeks, sweet lips, deep blue eyes, and hair like gilded silk, sat upon one of the rich sofas; and a dainty hand was clasped by a young man at her side, whose words, anon, brought a mantling crimson to the temples of his companion.

At a glance, we know them to be lovers "Speak, Eola; why are you silent? You never acted in this way before! Oh! have you changed toward me? Have I lost the ewel I so dearly prized as my own? Sure-

"Austin, Austin," she interrupted, at last, breaking the silence which had called forth the young man's words; "I have not changed—indeed I have not. But—but—" "But what? Ah! you'll tell me, now, why you have behaved so singularly all the

She cast a quick glance around her, to be sure that they were alone, and then, leaning close to him, whispered:

"Dear Austin, could my own heart's blood be shed to make you happy, I would give it! But listen: something has happened—I don't know what—to make me really afraid of father. He said that, if I married you, it would send him to his grave, and I would be accursed forever! Stop ⊢listen: he said you were sent to fulfill a terrible prophecy!—to perform an awful mission!
He said I must not marry you, of all persons!—better stab myself at once! Now,
Austin—oh! what can all this mean? You don't know how frightened I am! What-

what shall I do?" She had scarce ceased, when the folding doors between the two parlors were slowly, noiselessly opened, and a man stood there, gazing steadfastly at them.

The sofa partially fronted the windows,

and they did not see him He was a man of full sixty years, with spare locks of snowy white, and smoothshaven face. His features were remarkably thin, like his body, arms and limbs. The eyes were deeply sunken and a dark line marked the lower lid; while the countenance was ghastly pale and of indefinable expression. It was Harnden Forde.
With one hand upon the door-knob—still

and motionless he watched them. Austin Burns looked upon the fair girl at his side in veriest astonishment.

"In Heaven's name, Eola!—what are you saying?"
"Just what father said to me this morning, Austin! What am I to do? I am not only at a loss to understand what he meant. but I am also terribly uneasy. Have you

seen him since you were here last?" "Then you can form no idea of the change

that has come over him."
"I am amazed, Eola! Oh! can it be I am to lose you?" and he clasped the little hand tighter, as if afraid it was to be snatched away there and then.

"No-no-no Austin; not that! But-we must wait—wait until—" ETERNITY!" interrupted a sepulchral

Harnden Forde stood before them.
With a cry, Eola started to her feet and
clutched the back of the sofa for support, as she shrunk before the strange light of her

father's eyes.

"Mr. Forde; really you take us by surprise—" began Austin; but he stopped prise—" began Austin; but he stopped short, as the old gentleman fixed a steady, half-meaningless gaze upon him. He then saw in Harnden Forde a picture

that, for a moment, chilled his veins.

latter visited his betrothed.

So thin, pale, haggard; like a living as sudden, as abrupt as the explosion of a corpse; with ashen lips; speechless; terrible cannon in a hidden ambush.

"Father," she said, more calmly, after a moment's silence, "you talk to me in rid-dles. You have always expressed a great Harnden Forde spoke not another word but raising one hand, a long, white, skinny liking for Austin. It was only yesterday you first mentioned a change in your opinfinger pointed toward the door.
"Father! Father!" burst from Eola's

lips, as she made a movement forward; but Obeying the silent command of that finger, governed by an uncontrollable awe, Austin arose and, step by step, retreated Eola strove to speak. She stretched forth her hands to detain her lover; but they fell nerveless at her side, and her lips seemed

glued together.

The eyes of Harnden Forde followed Austin, till the latter had disappeared, and by what has occurred this evening. I must send a note and bring him back—" then, in a hollow voice, he bade his daughter follow him, and returned to the back starting un

She was faint and dizzy, and tottered after him—feeling as though she would east herself down and scream; but was forced tonishment. to keep her feet by some nameless, irresist-

beside the chair where he had seated him-beside the chair where he had seated himself; "father! oh! in Heaven's name, tell me what ails you? You frighten me! Don't look at me in that way!"

her courage failed her.

from the room.

"My child—you have seen Austin Burns again, and I told you, yesterday, it was my wish that you should give him up forever," were his slow-spoken words, as he fixed his dark, sunken eyes upon her, in an unsteady,

"Yes, yes; but I told him we could not think of marriage at—at present."
"You can never marry him!" he declared,

huskily, bending forward to lay a hand upon her shoulder. 'Never,' father?"

"Ay, never! Would you be cursed? Would you live on, with a most horrible prophecy being fulfilled, in which Heaven itself could not offer a bourne of one hour's peace? Would you send me to my grave? —only to be driven from it, to stalk the toomby forests in unrest and despair!

Would you—"
"Stop! Stop! What horrible things are you saying? You will drive me distracted! Tell me—tell me—what is the

matter?" can not!" and with the answer, he sunk back and closed his eyes, as if to shut out some unearthly vision which rose before

Eola trembled. What could so work up her father to a pitch of mysterious despair and superstitious terror? In what way was this superstition connected with Austin Burns and herself?

It was more unaccountable, from the fact that, hitherto, Harnden Forde had always greeted the young man cordially, when the

And the change in Forde's demeanor was

What has he done?"

"Nothing," in a subdued, uneven tone.
"Nothing! And while he has no fault, you would not have me marry him? Father, I must resist this. Have you been dreaming?—had ugly nightmares?—which you give in extenuation for this separation of two fond, devoted hearts? You must explain. I fear I have already lost Austin,

"No! no! The curse!-the prophecy!" he interrupted, in a hollow voice, and half-

"'The curse!' What curse? What prophecy?"
Eola's inquiry was one of unbounded as-

"Nothing, nothing. Go to your room, my child. Ask me no more of this. But remember—woe! woe! to you, from the day you marry Austin Burns. Let him bid

you adieu forever. Now go-go to your Reluctantly she left him. He did not rise; and with a parting glance at her singularly-altered parent, as he sat like a statue, with eyelids closed and arms hanging list essly, she ascended to her room, her mind turbid with wondering and uneasy thoughts.

She had scarce left him when the doorbell struck with a louder echo than usual to its small brass gong. There was something in the clear sound as it broke the stillness of the house, which roused Harnden Forde, with a start, from

his random reverie; and he listened to the step of the servant who answered the sum-Presently the door of the back parlor

opened. "There's a man in the vestibule to see you, sir."
"Who—who is it?"

"That I don' know, sir; for his face 's hid by a broad-brim hat."
"Is there no card?—no name?" "No, sir."

Harnden Forde thought a moment. It was already growing late. Who would call upon him at that hour? Show him in," he said, at last.

The visitor was admitted. A tall, broad-shouldered individual, wrapped in a heavy overcoat, with pants tucked in a pair of heavy cowhide boots, and a black, slouch hat pulled down over his brow.

But, the servant had made a mistake in supposing that the rim of the hat concealed the face of the comer; it was a mask of brown silk and lace trimming. Upon his entrance, Forde arose,

"You wish to see me, sir?"
"And is this, indeed, Harnden Forde?"

"Ha! a witness!" he cried, as he turned and beheld a woman in black garments, and closely vailed.

returned a deep voice, questioningly. "How changed, since last we met!" con-

tinued the other, regarding him closely.
"Remove your mask, that I may—"
"No. Here—read this," presenting a slip

of paper as he spoke. The voice—the mien of the masked visitor, had a marked effect upon Forde, who vainly endeavored to pierce the other's dis-

"Who are you?" he asked, without noticing the outstretched hand.
"No matter. Read that note, and—give me an answer!"

Advancing with infirm step, he took the note, and, unfolding it, began to read.

But, he had no sooner glanced over the first lines, than he uttered a sharp cry, and, with face paler than ever, staggered back ngainst the wall.
"Who—who—who are you? Where did

you get this?" he gasped, chokingly.
"I have said it matters not who I am. Give me an answer to that note. There is a pencil—and paper," saying which, the unknown produced the articles and laid them upon the table. Then he added, pointing to them, and turning to the shrink-ing form of Harnden Forde:

CHAPTER IL

Come!"

A BLOW IN THE DARK, AND THE WOMAN

IN BLACK. Ar the moment we introduced Austin Burns and his betrothed to the reader, in the parlors of Harnden Forde, there was an individual standing on the opposite side of the street, obscured within the deep shadows of one of the high-railing steps which

were prominent in that locality. In one hand he held a pair of powerful glasses, and through these he was intently watching the lovers.

His brow knit with a frown, and his teeth gritted in half-smothered anger, as he marked their actions. "Ah! see," he muttered, presently; "the

folding doors open-Forde is standing there -now he advances-he stands before them —he points to the door! Good! Austin Burns is going—yes, Forde has obeyed me. See! Eola—she attempts to stay her lover —it is useless! Father and daughter are alone—they go to the back parlor. I am obeyed! Ha! H—a! But, Burns is coming out! Now, will the boy execute his errand?

Yes—there—"
"Eve-ning Bulle-tin, second e-di-tion. Bulletin, str; one cent?"
"No," and young Burns was hastening

away; when the boy ran alongside of him, and continued:

"I guess you must be he, sir; is your name Burns?"

"Yes." Austin paused.

"Then, here's a letter for you, sir; I was told to give it to you—if your name's Burns?"

"That's my name," snatching the note, almost involuntarily; for his mind was too full of other thoughts to particularly remark this occurrence.

In a moment the boy vanished, his clear voice crying his last copy of the Bulletin, upon which he was "stuck"—a thing uncountable, when considering the impetus given to the circulation of that paper by its having been the first to furnish reans with the authentic news of the downfall of Paris.

Walking to the nearest gaslight, Austin read as follows:

"Meet me, to-night, on the Jones' Falls bridge, at Fayette street, and your life mystery shall be solved. I will tell you who you are.
"A Friend."

The tiny paper was crunched in his grasp, and an indescribable thrill shot through his

"Who can it be?" he exclaimed, gazing vacantly at the snow-covered pavement. "Who can tell me who I am? Heavens! I never thought! Can the mystery of my identity be the cause of Forde's behavior toward me? But, how could he have learned—ah! here—some one will explain all! Then, Eola—dear, sweet girl!—I may possess you yet, if that is the ground of your father's action! How opportune this

He consulted his watch. It was after ten "The note does not say what time. I'll go now!"

He started off at a quick pace, carefully preserving the note; for it was most valuable to him. At the corner of Baltimore and Entaw streets, a car overtook him, and getting in,

he seated himself to meditate in eager anticipation of the expected news.

The man on the opposite side of the

street followed after him, and when Austin got into the car, he of the glasses ran ahead and jumped onto the front platform, sharing the driver's snowy "berth."

Both the watcher and the watched were

scarce out of sight, when a man and woman, who had evidently been spying the move-ments of the others, glided out from the shade of another door-step, close by.
"Start upon your mission, Wat," said
the woman; "I will be at the library win-

dow at twelve. There's mischief afoot, and I must prevent it." With these words, she sped after the car;

while the man took his way across the The last-named party was the bearer of

the note which preyed so overwhelmingly upon the mind of Harnden Forde. A word of Austin Burns at this point. He was, at least, twenty-five years of age. His face was not what the fastidious would term handsome; but, there was that in it



of himself.

The gentleman was not his uncle; but had assumed that position toward him, ever since the night he found Austin upon his door-step, with the little chubby hands tightly clasping a purse containing notes to the amount of went thousand dollars! the amount of twenty thousand dollars!
Fortunately, he fell into good hands.
The money was placed out at interest, and appropriated to the benefit of the little

Austin received a thorough education, grew to the estate of manhood, and, at the crisis mentioned, came into the possession of the money. But the mystery of his birth was a bur-

den to his mind. Nothing seemed to present in which he could discover a clue; and time and again he had given over, discouraged—only to find himself yearning more and more, as the months flew by, for one bright ray to dispel the cloud.

An acquaintance was formed with Eola. They grew intimate—loved. Harnden Forde gave him warmest encouragement; and the scene which had been enacted within the half hour, the unfathomable words of Eola—both combined to strike upon his brain like a thunderbolt, to con-

fuse and distract his thoughts.
But, if Harnden Forde had discovered the young man's ignorance of his birth, and his late action was based upon that, then Eola

was not yet lost!
"A friend" was ready to aid, to clear the
mystery, to furnish all desirable informa-

Alighting at Harrison street, he walked up to Fayette, and turned to the bridge.

It was a dim, uninviting locality. The snow had ceased to fall, and the murky surrounding lent a deserted gloom; while the high shot-tower reared its lofty bulk before him, like a grim specter of gigantic

proportions.
"There is no one here!" fell from his lips, as he looked about him for some sign of the "friend."

As if in reply, there was a light step behind him, and a muffled figure came up.
"You are Austin Burns?" said an unknown voice, from behind a thick coat

'That is my name. Did you send me a note?

"Then I am here in answer to it. You signed yourself 'a friend.' I do not know

'You are the affianced of Eola Forde?' I am; but it does not concern you."

This is not our business, sir," interrupted the young man. The figure drew nigher. But, Austin was

You would know who you are? But I can not tell you—"
"Then you have written a falsehood!

For what purpose?"
"This! curse you!"
Something flashed before the young man's

eyes. There was a quick bound—a thud—and Austin, with a faint groan, sunk down

Ha! a witness!" he cried, as he turned

and beheld a woman in black garments, and Again the murderous knife was poised to catch the reply.

Again the murderous knife was poised to catch the reply.

"Have you ever repented your vile deed." strike, when she threw back the vail, and

stepped to within a few inches of him.
One glance, one searching scrutiny of a moment's duration, and, with a startled exclamation, he fled from the white face which so fearlessly confronted him, as if pursued

by an apparition from the grave, dropping the knife in his precipitate retreat. Kneeling beside Austin Burns, the woman placed a hand over his heart. It still beat.

The warm blood, from an ugly wound in the left shoulder, crimsoned the white car-

But the blow had not proven fatal; and though she might not have been a physician or surgeon, she saw this, and, also, that he was not entirely insensible. Overcome by the suddenness of the as-

pet about them.

sault, wrought upon by the peculiar sensa-tion of cold steel in his flesh, besides the fact of having struck his head against the wooden railing as he fell, Austin lay in a semi-conscious state. Presently he opened his eyes, and, under the impression that the would-be assassin

stood over him, he made an effort to regain his feet, at the same time grasping the arm that was busy staunching the cut. 'Easy, sir. Be very careful. You are badly hurt."

"Who are you?" he asked, faintly, per-ceiving, for the first time, that it was a wo-

"A friend," was her brief reply, still busy with his wound. 'Ah! then you sent me the note which

brought me here—and to this accident!" No. It was an enemy to both of us. I had hoped to prevent this, but arrived too late. There—rise now. But move slowly. Your wound can be better dressed, soon.'

"Where is the wretch who struck me?"
"Gone. But, come, Mr. Burns, you must go with me. I do not live far." "You know my name? You are a stranger to me."

'Though a stranger, you have not a truer friend. Trust me, and you shall not regret it. Your life is not safe in the city of Baltimore, while you are the affianced of Eola There are those who hate you; and the hate is deadly, for you do not know your enemies. Ah! here is the knife," (picking up the weapon, whose bright blade had attracted her glance). "Come, now. Your enemies must think you dead. It will serve our plans to defeat them. I am deeply concerned in your welfare, Mr. Burnsdeeper than you can imagine. Come." Guided by an impulse, which prompted

him to obey, he went with her.

They slowly left the bridge; he holding to her arm for a slight assistance; for the loss of considerable blood had left him in a condition somewhat weakened.

Continuing eastward a few squares, they entered a neat, two-story brick house, and Austin found himself in a plainly furnished but cozy parlor, where a glowing grate afforded a cheering warmth to his benumbed

which bespoke an honorable mind, and therefore, won respect.

The young man knew no relative in the world. When in his twentieth year, he was called to the bedside of one whom he had always considered his uncle—then dying. And there he learned something astounding of himself. him to his thoughts.

During the few seconds of her speech, he had seen, by the light of two large, brilliantly burning lamps, that his new friend was, to judge closely, about forty-four or five, with sad countenance, and dark eyes of weary glance. Her mien was that of a lady, and on the third finger of the left hand was a marriage ring worn thin with

hand was a marriage ring, worn thin with the lapse of time.

While Austin Burns was fixing the fea-

tures of the dark habited lady in his mind, and enduring no little pain from the stab in his shoulder, as he sat there awaiting her return with medical assistance—at precisely the same moment, two men were standing near the small side-counter at "Wilson's," seemingly engrossed with discussing the flavor and steam of a hot "punch"; while an occasional glance over the shoulder, betrayed the fact that they feared a third party to their low roles of coverage of the shoulder. to their low-voiced conversation.

CHAPTER III.

TWO THREATENING LETTERS AND A DESPE-RATE ACTION.

FURTHER back, closer to the wall, as if he momentarily expected a deadly attack on the part of the man before him, shrunk Harnden Forde.

His lower jaw hung, and his sunken eyes seemed, for a second, to lose all light of intelligence—to become the orbs of a helpless

Helpless he certainly was; palsied in voice and limb, save that, in the latter, he trembled like a weakened frame before a

And this state of spirit, crushed beneath the weight of some mighty terror, was caused by the note he had just read.

At last, with an effort which required his every strength of self-mastery, he gasped, while he still cowered before his strange 'Will you tell me who you are? Where

do you come from?"
"Again, and for the last time, I say, no matter. You know who I come from; so let that suffice. Come—your answer."
"Is—is the woman in this city?" persisted Forde, tremulously, and scarce above his

"Answer that note!" commanded the other, impatiently.

Compelled by an influence which mechanically controlled his actions, Harnden Forde staggered to a seat at the table, and, snatching up the pencil, wrote:

I dare not refuse! "There is my answer," he faltered, dropping the pencil, and pushing the paper from

Again he essayed to pierce the other's mask. In vain.

The man took up the slip, read it, and then carefully placed it in his breast-pocket,

saying:

"It is satisfactory. See that you obey.
Now, I am your guest for to-night."

"Ha—"

"Ay; why not? The Eutaw House is a good distance from here, and the walking is bad. Perhaps I shall leave the city to-mor-It is late—have me shown to my row.

"Tell me who you are?" again asked Forde, huskily.

The eyes of the questioned party fixed

upon the snow.

"Murderer!" hissed a voice in the ear of their owner said, forcibly: I am a friend to the victim of your early

wickedness. I am her champion. She is near you—"
"Near me? In this city?" and he leaned

of years agone?" continued he of the disguise, without noticing the interruption.
"I have! I have!" groaned Forde, burying his face in his hands. "Would to

Heaven that what is done could be undone 'Without hurting your interests, you would say? Bah!"

"Man, hear me"—a portion of his strength seeming to return, as he stepped forward and grasped the wrist of the vailed 'champion'-"if Bertha Blake is in this city, lead me to her! She loved me once; she may hate me now; but she will forgive when-'Mark me, Harnden Forde: I will do

"If what? Speak! It shall be done."
"Hold. You are hasty. But let me test
your sincerity. Where is the certificate of narriage between you and Bertha Blake?"
"In my des—" He checked himself.

There was something in the fire of those mask-encircled eyes, which betrayed susense and eagerness in the listener; and for his intended words, he substituted You shall have it, if Bertha Blake will

leave me, forever.' "That is but half. Two articles must come together. I will not accept one without the other—The Black Crescent!"

With a cry that might have resembled the wail of a lost soul entering the regions of eternal misery, Forde reeled backward, nd fell to the floor. The first movement of the man was to

lock the door; which he did quickly. For the cry had been heard, and footsteps approaching soon sounded in the entry. Taking up a pitcher of water, he sprinkled the face of the suddenly and singularly-

stricken old gentleman. Presently the latter opened his eyes, and at the same instant, came a knock at the

"Bid them begone," commanded the unknown, in a whisper.

Forde ordered his servants to depart, and then added, as he arose feebly to his feet:

"For God's sake!—be merciful. Make me your slave, if you will; but I can not give that up. I won't!—be my shame what it may-at once. Have-have you no sympathy for penitence?"
"It is useless. The time for repentance

is past—past three years ago, when you spurned Bertha Blake—for the second time—from you! I, her champion, swear that ou shall yet make amends for the vile injustice she has suffered at your hands! Her claim shall be recognized! The Black Crescent shall be restored!"

Forde did not sink at this second mention of the mysterious Crescent; but from his ashen lips fell, beseechingly:

"No-no-no; consider-my position!
To be dragged down now! To be hurled, like an accursed pigmy, upon a hooting world! To—"

"Like you served Bertha Blake! You were anxious, a moment since, to make amends? Miserable man! You think all "Be seated, sir. This is my home. I have no friends—live almost entirely alone. It may not be long before you know why I prefer seclusion, and why I am interested prefer seclusion, and why I am interested prefer seclusion."

Were alributs, a moment since, to make amends? Miscrable man! You think all who witnessed your secret marriage are dead? You mistake. But enough. Hark ye—if you disregard the order of that note,

you are blasted, at once. Obey, and you may, at least, be safe for a time. Cease. I care not to continue this conversation. Have me shown to my room."

With trembling hand, Forde pulled the

bell-cord; and the man unlocked the door.

"Show—show this—gentleman to the third story back—room," to the servant girl who answered the summons.
She obeyed the order, her eyes widening

guised visitor up-stairs.

When the masked guest had closed the door of the room allotted to his use, he threw aside the mask, and removed his hat. Then we see that he is a fine specimen of manhood; strong, healthy, perhaps forty years of age, with smoothly-shaven face, regular features, and an eye of electric

'Now," he mused, seating himself in a

and mouth agape, as she conducted the dis-

large, cushion-back chair, "I am satisfied of success. He dared not refuse me a room for the night. Poor, weak, superstitious fool! But a villain withal; though he is now tortured with repentance. Bertha will ascend to the library window at twelve. I will let her in. We will search the desk. The prize *must* be there! He checked himself in his speech awhile ago; but I am sure he would have said, 'In my desk.' The Black Crescent and the certificate!—these once found, and then, my poor, wronged Bertha, you shall be cleared of the foul slander which couples with your name in Richmond, and throw off the penniless garb put upon you by this wretch, whose super-stition has well nigh ruined you. The curse and prophecy weigh heavily upon his

Dwelling upon some plot which evidently absorbed his thoughts, he relapsed into silence, and sat awaiting the arrival of mid-

But, whether the plan afoot was one of necessity or mere desire, there was a train of events pending which tended to destroy his calculations, and the beginning of it was, he fell asleep as he sat blinking at the coals in the grate.

The moments flew on. The stranger slumbered; though, had some invisible mouth whispered in his ear the coming result of his lack-vigil, a flash of lightning could not have been quicker, more sudden than his return to wakefulness.

Harnden Forde was alone-miserable and mind-racked, in mental torture.

Reseating himself at the table, he drew

forth a document from an inner pocket, and first making sure he was alone, began to

And this is what he read: 'MR. HARNDEN FORDE :-

"Mr. Harnden Forde:—

"As you have given me to understand, so emphatically, that my suit for Eola's hand is useless, I propose to convince you that I am not so easily put off. To do this I will use two things: one, a name—Bertha Blake; the other, a date—Dec. 20th, 1863. Of the first, I know all. Of the second, I hold the paper itself, and can summon a witness. More: do you remember the curse?—the prophecy? If you do, then beware! Austin Burns is the son of Bertha Blake—born, 1846! When he shall marry Eola Forde, the prophecy is out, and the curse is to be fulfilled! But the marriage must not be. Avert the calamity by forcing her to become my wife. I shall call day after to-morrow, to dine. See that you press my suit on that occasion. Austin Burns calls to see Eola to-morrow evening. If they meet, see that you order him from the house, without giving him opportunity to question you. Moreover, impress upon Eola's mind that she can never become the wife of Austin Burns. Disobey me, if you dare.

"This—I—received—yesterday," he mur-

"This-I-received-yesterday," he murmured, brokenly, and shivering as with an 'I am in his power. He knows all. and a word from him God! I had fondly hoped to see Austin lead my child to the altar. But I must obey Haxon! I must!

Yet how can I? Now this one!"

His fingers twitched nervously as he open ed and read the note brought him by the masked visitor. It ran thus:

It ran thus:

"HARNDEN FORDE:—I am watching you.
One word from me, and your shame is inevitable. The stolen record is in my possession.
There is a witness yet alive. The lawyer, your former tool, still lives, and is my ally. To the point, though: a young man, named Austin Burns, is the accepted lover of your child, Eola. I command you, do not hinder their union. Obey me.

BERTHA."

"And this-this from- who can he be? Between these two, merciful Heaven! what course is left me? How willingly would I obey this last note? I have already answered 'I dare not refuse.' But the two or-der differently. Oh! would not Bertha, for Eola's sake, forgive me? But the Crescent no!—no!—no! I can not part with that. am given a respite. But such a respite! can not bear shame, after these years of proud position and wealth! I thought Berha was dead. But she is not. She is in this city, and she has borne the wound of a broken heart so long! Mad fool that I was, to love Louise Ternor! I shall be destroyed

He had started from the chair, and was pacing the room, when he halted suddenly and began twisting his skinny fingers through his spare locks, as he stared at the figured carpet. An idea had struck him.

"Yes; there is one escape"—casting a fearful glance about him, lest the listening walls should catch his husky utterances—"I am desperate! I am wild! A knife blow I could bear; but shamenever! and once exposed by either of these I am blasted before the world! They must die—all!—all!" but, without a pause, and waving his hands before him, as if to shut out the horrible plan his excited brain had conjured, he took two or three steps backward, and his voice sunk to a whisper as he

"No!—no!—no! not murder! Bertha Blake must be found. She said the lawyer was not dead! Thank Heaven!-my hands are cleared of that! Would the fiends had him at this moment, though! I'll go to Bertha. I'll beg, beseech, for Eola's s mercy! mercy, that I may obey Harold Haxon, and save myself from the curse! And her 'champion'—he shall tell me where she is! I must not kill him! I shiver! How cold it must be outside!

He restored the papers to his pocket, and turned to a decanter of brandy on a stand in one corner. Of the liquor he drank heavily, and then settled himself in a chair.

The silver bells of a tower clock, in the hall, had struck the half-hour between eleven and midnight, when, with teeth clenched upon the under lip, till the compressed flesh threatened to burst in cuts, he stole, like a

gliding specter, from the parlor.

Proceeding to the kitchen, he provided himself with two ropes: one about three yards long—the other, near three feet. With to have no other.

these, he ascended to the room in the third these, he ascended to the room in the third story.

The door of the apartment was not locked, and cautiously opening it, he peered in.

A grim smile overspread Harnden's sickly-pale face, as he perceived the man sitting, motionless, in the large chair; and by the sound of deep, regular respiration, which came to his ears, he knew that his strange guest slumbered.

On tip-toe, he entered. Gradually, and with the tread of a cat, he approached the unconscious man. Reaching his side, he stooped, to get a look at the face, and instooped, to get a look at the face, and instantly a tremor seized his limbs, while through his brain flashed the two words:

"Her brother!"

The discovery appeared to cause him much perplexity. He drew back a step, as if undecided how to act. Within a second's flight, he added, suppressedly:

"He must die—no! no! no! not murder!
But he must tell me where she is steedly. But he must tell me where she is. Steady,

nerves; steady. How I shake!"
Schooling his nerves to calmness, he gently placed the larger rope over the breast and arms of the sleeper, thence conveying it around to the back of the chair, where he knotted it firmly.

Next, with a quick, adroit movement, he threw the remaining rope, in a turn, around the neck of his captive, and cried, hissingly: "Wake up, Wat. Blake! Wake up and

meet your doom!" The tone was of such earnestness as to seem like the voice of one who was indeed

resolved upon murder. With a gurgling exclamation, a twitch of the muscles, Wat. Blake aroused and essayed to release himself.

But the cords were strong. The turn at his neck was choking him. Harnden Forde's knee pressed firmly against his breast. He could not speak; and, with eyes starting, and features alternately reddening and whitening under the torture of strangula-

tion, he looked up into the fierce countenance that glowered over him. For a moment, Forde slackened the ten-

sion of the rope, and cried:

"I know you, Wat. Blake; though you were but a boy when I married your sister!
So you were not lost in the mines, after all! I remember you well—"
"Vil—villain that you are! Would you murder me?"

Tell me where your sister is!" "I shall not!"
"Your stubbornness will not save your life!' fightening the cord again.
"I care—n—not! Kil—l—me! My—death will be aveng—urg—g—g—"

He was strangling.
"I can not kill him!" flashed through Forde's mind; but he was determined to wring the desired information from his enemy, and, partially maddened by a contemplation of his situation—between two fires, the flames of both threatening to lap him up in rude tongues of shame!—he twined his fingers round the ends of the rope, and pulled, till Blake's eyes rolled upward, and his whole powerful frame was

convulsed in a struggle for breath.
"Tell me! Tell me!" he muttered, between gritting teeth, fearing that he was to fail in his desperate means to procure information. "Tell me—quick! You are

A relaxation of struggle, a fast-filming gaze, was all the answer he received. Suddenly Forde was dealt a blow upon the head, which felled him, senseless, to the

When he recovered, Wat, Blake had disappeared, and a stout cane, which lay beside him, told with what the unexpected blow had been delivered.

The gas-jet was extinguished; but by the dim light shed from the glowing grate, he saw a figure in the doorway.

Hurriedly regaining his feet, he advanced and was confronted by Eola!

## Out in the World: THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI. DYING.

LITTLE ROMNEY TAGGART was very sick. and every day he became worse, until, at last, the old doctor, who was supposed to know a wonderful sight more than he really did, shook his head sadly, and said, not at all in a professional, but in a very feeling

"Poor boy, there is no hope."
Yes, that was the sentence, and it was the verdict, too, that wretched Sarah Taggart had been waiting for so long. But, when it came, it almost stunned her to the erge of insensibility; and when little, manv Van came home that evening, with his fiddle and pence, his mother called him out on the landing, and said:

"Van, my poor boy, we will soon be all alone in the world." The child looked up, and, while his lips trembled, he asked:

"Is—is Romney dying, ma?" "Yes, Van, Romney is going. The doctor told me so to-day."

"Then he won't get well at all?" His eyes were swimming in tears as he put the query, and when his mother did not answer, but cried very hard instead, he knelt down by her side and tried to comfort her. Failng in this, he cried too; and when they both went back to the sick-room, which they did a few moments after, their eyes were red and their hearts heavy with the weight of unshed tears. Little Romney was awake, and he no-

ticed the redness of Van's face at once.
"What ails you, Van?" he asked. "Did anybody hit you! 'No, Rom; I just felt bad, an' I couldn't

help but cry." The wee invalid's face was sharp and pointed, and his eyes and wits seemed to have been sharpened, too, by the fell hand of disease, for he said, promptly: You're cryin' 'bout me, Van. I know

Van only buried his face deeper in the bed-clothes, and Romney, taking this for an admission, continued:

"You mustn't cry for me, Van. You can get another, stronger boy to go with you. I allers was a sort of drawback, you know, I don't want no other boy-so I don't,"

exclaimed Van, fiercely; "an' I ain't goin'

"One boy never can make nice music," said Romney, after a pause, "an' if I was you, Van, I'd get another boy."

"Don't talk that way, Romney, darling," said Mrs. Taggart, trying to conceal her enotion. "Don't you see you are making your poor little brother cry?"

"Well, I won't talk any more, ma," answered Romney, closing his eyes wearily, and laying one little wasted hand caressingly on his brother's head.

Neither Van nor his mother slept that night. The invalid was restless, and only closed his eyes for a few moments at a time, and was always wide awake when the hour for taking his medicine came about. To-"One boy never for taking his medicine came about. To-ward the close of the next day, he began to sink rapidly; his face assumed a pinched

up, even in his mother's arms, for a longer period than five minutes. Strange enough, he was eager to talk, although every word that passed his lips cost him considerable effort, and pained him some, too. His mother saw this, and she gently: "Romney, darling, you are talking too

appearance; his nose becoming very sharp and pointed indeed; and he could not sit

He opened his large, bright eyes wide, and looked up into her face before he spoke. Then he said, in a grave, quiet way:

"It hurts me to talk, but I want to say so

many things to you and Van, because, you He stopped suddenly, and turned his gaze yearningly upon his brother, sitting at the foot of the bed.

'Because what?" questioned Mrs. Tag-

"Because I won't be here to-morrow night to talk with you, an' I—I—I—"

"Oh, yes you will be here to-morrow night, my son, and many a night after to-morrow. You don't know what you are probable to the probability of the pr

speaking about." Yes, I do know," he said. "I know I can't see you as well as I did a while ago; and I feel so very weak, and tired-like, and I know I'm goin' to rest soon, for a very—

very long while."

His voice died away into a whisper, and he motioned his mother to lift him up off She did so; holding his head against her heart, and devouring his face with her eyes.
"My little man," she said, "look up.

Don't you know me-don't you know your poor mamma?" His lips moved, and his eyes grew so large that they seemed about to leap from their sockets, and, after a moment's silence,

he managed to say, very faintly: "Yes, you're my ma." She kissed the parched lips, and ex-

"Yes, indeed, I'm your ma, my precious! I'm your ma!" "Van! Van!" came like a distant echo from little Romney's lips, and he stretched out his hand. It was grasped by his brother. The invalid was still a moment. Then he seemed to grow stronger, both in

body and voice, and he said: "Let me down, ma; and you, Van, play something on my fiddle."

Mrs. Taggart laid the sick boy among the pillows, and poor, tearful Van sat close by the bedside and played an old, plaintive air, that occasionally sounded very much like a

"Oh, Van! Van! Your poor little brother is dying. She spoke the truth. As the mournful strain ceased, so did the brief life-journey of little Romney Taggart end.

wail, until his mother startled him by crying

CHAPTER XII.

THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

Romney Taggart was buried next day at Spring Grove. They made his grave in a part of the cemetery where the lots were cheap, and where there were more unkept graves than monuments.

Mrs. Taggart would like to have had the

body interred on the summit of a little knoll close to the chapel, but such lots were very expensive at Spring Grove, and so she had to content herself with the spot her slender

to content herself with the spot her slender means could purchase.

"It'll be a nice 'nuff place one of these days," said the old sexton, "when the new walks are laid out; an' if yer don't think a dollar too dear, I wouldn't min' planting some sprigs of flowers there?"

No, she did not think it dear at all, and the money was paid promptly. The next day there was a coating of emerald turf on Romney's grave, and a little rosebush served the double purpose of a distinguishing mark and an ornament.

Van Taggart and his poor, heart-sick mo-

and an ornament.

Van Taggart and his poor, heart-sick mother felt very lonely when they sat down that evening to their cheerless supper. They had often eat their meals alone during little Romney's illness, but they had never felt his absence until now, and when Mrs. Tag-gart noticed that through sheer force of habit she had placed three plates on the table, and that Van was looking at the third one with tears in his eyes, she never said a word, but slyly slipped it away again and bent over the black cooking-stove a long

After they had swallowed a few mouthfulls, Mrs. Taggart broke the silence by remarking what a nice place Mill Creek Valley was, and Van, seeming to know that his mother was striving to keep from a painful subject, answered that it was a very beautiful place; then each stared into the face of the other, and Mrs. Taggart finally covered hers with her hands and fell to weeping. One might have supposed from what had been said that she was crying about the beauty of Mill Creek Valley; but she was not, and Van knew she was crying because there was no need of a third plate, and, in

all likelihood, never would be again. all likelihood, never would be again.

She sat by the fire and wept for many weary hours, and finally Van crept over and laid his curly head in his mother's lap and slept uneasily, for a long time.

When the city clocks tolled three Mrs. Taggart awake the boy and bid him prepare for hed.

While he was praying in one corner, she proceeded to clear away the pile of drugs on the table, throwing some of them out of

the window, and putting some carefully away in a small closet. 'Kiss me, ma," said Van, rising from his

She stooped down, kissed him tenderly,

and was about to kneel down herself, when

a faint cry, like that of an infant, startled "What is that?" she asked, looking at Van, and trembling visibly. She was a very timid woman.



"I don't know," replie the boy; "it sounds like a baby, don't it?"
"Very like," was the response; "but it's

I'll go and look," he said; and he did. In an instant he returned with Elinor

Gregg's child in his arms.
"Oh, see," he exclaimed, "God has sent us this baby in place of our little Romney." It was a beautiful baby—fat, rosy, and with large, wondering blue eyes, and Sarah Taggart clasped it in her arms and kissed its velvet cheek a dozen times before she

'Shall we keep it, mamma?" asked Van

after a while.
"No, dear, it would be too much trouble and we have not the means," she replied.

"But I will work for it; so hard," pleaded Van, "and when I come home I'll mind

it all the time—so I will."

She could not resist that appeal, and there was, too, a void in her heart that this little waif could help to fill, she thought. "What is its name, I wonder?" said Mrs. Taggart, after examining the emerald neck-

lace carefully. "I can see no name on any thing. She had scarcely uttered these words when her thumb, pressing against the largest stone, touched a spring, and the great jewel divided in equal halves, revealing a beautiful, girlish face in miniature, and engraved

beneath it, the single word, "Elinor. "Elinor! ain't it, ma?" said Van, after spelling slowly the inscription.
"Yes, that's its mother's name, I suppose." "But, we won't call it Elinor, will we,

"Well, because it is too big and proud a name for a little baby. Don't you think

"Yes;" Mrs. Taggart thought so; "but, what will we call it?"

Van paused and looked at the ceiling an

instant; then his face lighted up, and he "Let's call it Romney, ma. Oh, let's call

it Romney."

"But it's a girl, my boy; and it wouldn't do to call a girl Romney. At least it wouldn't sound well, I think."

Van thought it would make no difference and seemed so very much disappointed that his kind mother finally said: "Well, Van, you can have your own way in this. She is your own protege, and you may call her what you please."

what you please."
"Then I will call her Romney Taggart,"
he said, kissing the wee scarlet mouth in an

exceedingly awkward, boyish way.

The little stranger did not relish the caress, for she drew down her brow until her face was a mere mass of purple wrinkles. in one of which her eyes were completely hid, and fell to crying like a vixen.
"Did I hurt her, ma?" asked the boy, a trifle vexed.

"No, my son, but little baby girls are very tender, I suppose."
"More'n boys ?"

A great deal more, I think."

Van Taggart remembered that for a long time, and during the first two years of Miss Romney Taggart's life he was very cautious when taking her on his knee that she was not hurt through his rudeness. Miss Romney had a very tender nurse, indeed.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

REMORSE. CHAUNCEY WATTERSON was very much distressed when he learned of Elinor's sudden disappearance, and this distress was hightened a fortnight after when he read in the newspapers that a woman answering Elinor's description in every particular had been found floating in the Ohio, below North Bend. The body had been taken to Lawrenceburg for interment, but the news reaching the ears of poor old Adam Gregg, he had the remains of his daughter taken to Butler county, and placed in the village graveyard, close beside the church in which Elinor Gregg had often worshiped when a

Chauncey Watterson was not wholly bad He had been educated in a wicked school. and his training slimed his natural good traits with a coating of false philosophy and worldliness, but, beneath this slime, there was a man's heart—a little willful and stub born, but tender, too

The knowledge that he had driven Elinor Gregg to suicide preyed upon his mind night and day. He could not think of any thing else for weeks and months, and some of his friends twitted him on becoming melancholy because of his approaching marriage with Grace Alward.

Even the latter noticed how gloomy and abstracted he was growing, and one day, when they were alone in the sumptuous re-ception-room of the Alward mansion, she

"Chauncey, I fear you are not going to make a good husband at all."

'He looked up, astonished, and asked 'Why, Grace?

She pouted, as spoiled beauties are apt to do when men vex them, and said: Well, you are so gloomy at times, and I believe these times are increasing and last longer than they used to do. With our wed-

ding day so near at hand, we should have 'I will try to please you in that," he replied, pulling a rose-bud to pieces, "but I have had some business troubles, and I can

not control my uneasiness at all times "Then tell me the cause of your trouble," she said, with a pretty, girlish animation

and I will either dissipate it altogether or help you to bear it.' then shook his head and answered "No, it is bad enough for me to suffer, but

you shall not. A very sober light came into her face, and her eyes, which had been full of sunshine an instant before, now sought the carpet,

You are not angry, Grace?" he asked, Yes, I am, she replied, hiding her face

with the end of her scarf. And why are you angry?

"Because you don't consider me fit to become your wife."

But I do," he said, surprised. "Well, then, why don't you tell me what troubles you so? I'm sure I could keep your secret, and if you think I could not, or that it would be dangerous to intrust me with it, why, then, I'm not the woman you

should marry.' This was spoken in a grave, serious tone -a tone that surprised Chauncey Watterson a good deal, and for the first time in his life he realized that Grace Alward was not merely a bright, silly, pleasant girl whom he could deceive very easily and on whom reason would be wasted.

He saw, now, that he would have to employ different tactics, and so he said: Gracie, my own, you are right, and I

will tell you every thing."

Her face lighted up again, and she put up her lips, and he kissed them. You see, I have been very wild," he be

gan, "and have done a good many things which you would think doubtless very bad." "But, you won't do so any more—will you?" she interrupted.

"God helping me, I hope not," he replied, solemnly; "but I have spent a great deal of money and am in debt some." "I will lend you the money to pay," she

said, eagerly. He put up his hand. "Oh, no, Grace, I'm not so bad as that. I have plenty to pay my debts, and a slight margin of sixty or

seventy thousand left." They talked a long while, and when they parted it was with the understanding that their marriage should be postponed until December in order to permit him to arrange all his affairs with a view to a lengthy ab-

sence in Europe.

Chauncey had now five months of a respite in which to ponder over his great crime, and nurse the arrow of remorse which rankled in his breast.

"Had I my life to live over again," he frequently exclaimed to himself, "Elinor Gregg would now be my wife instead of sleeping in the dishonored grave of a sui-

But these regrets were vain, and keenly he felt this to be true. But his remorse made him sentimental, and one day, late in October, he wandered into the Dellville

The trees were weeping tears of blood upon the long, faded and tangled grass, which almost obscured the graves, and the setting sun was turning the dew that hung the flowers into purest, sparkling crystaline.

Two boys, playing hide and seek among the tombstones, stopped their play as they saw the moody man stalk by, and when he sat down and looked curiously about him, gave up their frolic, and stole away to

The old sexton, however, coming out of the church, noticed the stranger, and bowed

the church, noticed the stranger, and bowed politely to him.

"Can you tell me where Elinor Gregg is buried?" asked Chauncey.

The old man took off his hat, produced a red bandana, and after wiping his purple forehead, said, very deliberately:

"Yes, sir; I can show you the spot."

"Would you be kind enough to do so?"

The sexton eyed Chauncey from underneath his shaggy eyebrows an instant, and said:

"Yes, sir, I'll do that—and gladly, too, 'cause Elinor, poor girl, was good at heart, though somewhat unfortunate. But, sir, this is a world of deceit and wickedness, and none of us as is raising children know what will become of them before they die

Chauncey agreed with the old man, and, in reply to one of his questions, said:
"No, I'm no relative. I knew her once

—a long while ago."

"This is the place, then," said the sexton, pausing before a little mound over which the grass grew very green.

"Why, there is no tombstone!" exclaimed Chauncey, after a silent survey.

"No," replied the sexton. "Adam Gregg was at a good penny of expense to bring her all the way from Lawrenceburg, and he couldn't afford a tombstone just yet. I couldn't afford a tombstone just yet, I

"You can leave me here. I'll remain awhile," said Chauncey, seating himself on a flat tombstone close by Elinor Gregg's grave. The sexton obeyed, and when he had dis-

appeared from sight, the young man fell upon the small grave and wept like a child—wept for poor Elinor Gregg—for her child and his, which he thought was lying stark and dead in the big river—and wept for himself, too, whose evil deeds were now pearing Dead Sea fruit, full of gall-like bit

The sun settled down into billows of golden splendor, and the moon arose, pale, bright and radiant, and still Chauncey Waterson knelt in the wet grass.

He felt very weak and dizzy when he stood up at last, and said to the senseless which covered Elinor Gregg, "Fare well forever!

He staggered like a drunken man from the spot, and three weeks after, to the sur-prise of everybody, a tall, stately marble monument lifted its form from out the grass of Elinor's grave, and on a tablet in the cen ter the sexton shaded his eyes and read "SACRED TO THE MEMORY

ELINOR GREGG, Aged 19 years." (To be continued-Commenced in No. 77.)

## Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE JUDGE "PUTS UP" THE CARDS. THE Judge stood just within the doorway look of blank amazement upon his fac The others gazed into the room, and then they, too, cried out in astonishment.

The body of Gains Tendail was gone : There was the bed, the blanket spotted with the blood that had welled from the wounds of the stricken man, showing plainly where the body had lain, but the body it-If had disappeared.

The room was a small one, lit by a single window. At a glance the eyes saw all that it contained. The window too was closed What has become of the body?" cried the Judge, in amazement.

"Durned ef I know!" replied Bill, in utter astonishment. You kept watch of the door, Rennet?"

'Yes; we've not taken our eyes from it,' the young man answered. "A mouse couldn't have got out without our seeing it, let alone a human. "I'll sw'ar that neither hide nor ha'r has

come out of this since you went away, Judge!" affirmed the driver. Some one must have removed the body through the window, then," Jones said, a dark look upon his face. He stepped to the

casement and opened it.

The window looked out upon a small

shed. The Judge saw at a glance how easy it was for any one to ascend to the roof of the shed from the ground, and thus gain access to the room,

"I can not understand this," he muttered, in an undertone, communing with himself. "What can be the motive for this strange movement? Some one is dealing me a blow in the dark. I must be on my guard or else—" Then the Judge paused in his mut-

tered speech as Rennet advanced to his side and looked out of the window.

"I guess the idea," Rennet said, in the ear of the Judge. "Some accomplice of the girl has removed the body by means of this window so as to destroy the proof

against her."
"Yes, it looks like it," the Judge replied,

slowly and thoughtfully. "But it does not make any difference; we are not going to act according to the precise forms of law here. Both Bill and myself can swear that we saw the man dead. I think that our evidence will be enough to convince any one of the death of the man, even if we can not produce the body, or tell what has become of it."

"In my mind, the fact of the body being spirited away, is strong evidence of the girl's ruilt," Jones said, with a covert glance into the face of the other.

"Yes, it is so." "I think that I had better search her room; there we may be able to secure some proof regarding this terrible deed."

"That is the proper course, Judge."
"You had better make the search, and I will assist you," the Judge said, slowly.
Judge Jones seemed strangely ill at ease. The two then went into Jinnie's room, Jones bidding Haynes remain with the pri-

soner in the entry.

A long breath came from Judge Jones' lips as he entered the little apartment. It was plainly but neatly furnished.

"About the bloody knife?" the Judge

"I secured it last night; Bill has it now," Rennet answered. "I did not wish to rouse the girl's suspicions that we thought she was concerned in the murder, so I told her that I would take charge of the body, and that she could go to bed and not bother herself about it,"

"That was wise." And as the Judge spoke, his eyes fell upon the blood-stained apron that Jinnie had worn on the preceding evening.

"More proof," he said.

A little trunk stood in one corner. It

was unlocked, and Rennet opened it. He pulled the clothes out carelessly; as he did so, a folded sheet cf note paper fluttered to the ground. The Judge snatched it up ea-

As he opened it a peculiar expression flashed across his face; and a fierce light burned in his cold eyes. "This establishes the motive for the deed!" he said, quickly; then folded the letter and placed it inside his pocket-book with some other papers and returned the book to the breast-pocket of his coat. Stay!" he said, after a moment's thought. "You

had better write your name on the back of the paper so that you can swear to it, when roduced in evidence."
Then the Judge took out the pocket-book again. It was a long one, such as are usually carried by business men, and contained quite a number of folded papers similar to the one that had come from the folds of Jinnie's garments. The Judge took out the folded sheet that he had placed on top of the these and Bennet wrete his paper in the others, and Rennet wrote his name in pen-

"There, now; we will be able to prove conclusively that it came from the trunk of the girl," the Judge said, and he half-un-folded the paper as he spoke. "Just see what terrible evidence it is against her." Rennet glanced at the last few words

written on the paper and nodded assent.

They went on with the search; but, nothing else was found that seemed to have any relation to the murder. Satisfied, at length, the two gave over the search and rejoined

the party in the entry. Jinnie had not spoken a word. She had waited calmly and quietly. Haynes, who had watched the girl attentively, was bothered. He could not help thinking that she was either totally innocent of all knowl-

edge of the crime or else she had more than common courage. The party went down-stairs; the pickets were called in; Jinnie was placed in the center of the armed men, and the line of

march taken up for the express office. The astonishment of the-man-from-Red-Dog when he saw that Jinnie was the criminal whom he had volunteered to arrest, was extremely great.
"Sho! that gal the critter? Twenty of

us galoots, armed tooth and nail, fur to arrest one female! I reckon I'll sell out my share in this hyer b'ilin' cheap. Ain't felt so mean since the Digger Injuns stole my mule!" he muttered, in disgust.

The proceeding in the Eldorado had ta-ken up some little time, and it was broad daylight when the party, bearing Jinnie as a prisoner in their midst, marched through the street. Great was the astonishment of the inhabitants of the mining camp, who, of course were ignorant of the terrible deed done un-

der cover of the night, when they saw the little procession The news of the arrest of Jinnie for the murder of Gains Tendail ran like wildfire through the town. Those who were up and saw the arrest, made it their business to wake up those who were asleep and tell them the news. Swift horses, ridden by reckless riders, bore the news to Gopher Gully, Paddy's Flat and the other outlying

regions owning Spur City as a center.

To do justice to the inhabitants of the mining camp, it is necessary to remark, that almost to a man they "haw-hawed!" at the idea of Eldorado Jinnie committing Popular sentiment was strongly in her favor, and some even went so far as to call Judge Jones a "durned old fool!"

The miners came pouring into town. Whisky was at a premium and the saloonkeepers were jubilant. The Eldorado, alone of all the places of public entertainment in Spur City, did not share in the general bus-The doors were tightly closed and the stillness of death reigned within. The Chinese, Ah Ling, had disappeared. venturous seekers after knowledge, who had penetrated into the house, urged onward by the morbid curiosity peculiar to the masses to gaze on the scene of a bloody deed, found all the doors locked and Dick Calbot in possession of the premises.

Talbot had been hunted up by the-manfrom-Red-Dog night after the arrest. Injun Dick said very little in regard to the affair: and when asked his opinion as to Jinnie's innocence or guilt, merely smiled

quietly, and asked the questioners if they thought that the Reese would ever run backward. It was plain that Dick did not

feel at all alarmed. Old Mr. Rennet awakened Bernice at an early hour, and told her of the terrible mur-der that had been committed, and the accusation brought against the girlish landlady of the Eldorado.

They've carried her off and are going to try her before that remarkable specimen of a judge who runs the machine in this de-lectable region," he said, in conclusion. "The landlady of this first-class hotel is in 'durance vile;' the Chinaman cook has taken it into his head to abscond, so that we shall have to look after our provender, to-day, ourselves; but, you needn't be alarmed, my dear; I've been on a foraging tour already. I've secured six boxes of sar-dines and a choice assortment of cove oysters, canned salmon, lobster, etc., and four pounds of crackers, so that we are not likely to starve." And the old lawyer chuckled

at his forethought.
"When is the girl to be tried?" Bernice asked, a thoughtful expression on her face. "Some time this morning."

"Do you suppose that she has a lawyer to defend her?"

Rennet asked, in comic astonishment. "Oh, no; unless it's some one like myself on a wild-goose chase. The law here, my dear, lies in a revolver, and the quickest man on the trigger is the ablest practitioner."

"Mr. Rennet, won't you speak for her?" asked Bernice, quickly, laying her hand pleadingly on the lawyer's arm. "What! you want to get me into another law suit? I've already pleaded and won

"Oh, Mr. Rennet, you can not guess how much I am interested in this girl!" Bernice exclaimed, earnestly. "She must be saved; the happiness of one that I love depends upon her. For his sake, she must be saved!"

"His sake! who?" asked the old lawyer, in a maze. "I can not explain that," Bernice replied, in confusion; "I can not explain to you the motives that actuate me; but, she must

"All right. I've only got one fault—I never could refuse a woman any thing. I'll go for this one-horse judge again!" cried old Rennet, excitedly.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ACCUSATION. IT was after time o'clock before the court assembled to try Jinnie Johnson for the murder of the miner, Gains Tendail. The express office had been selected as

the place of trial.

Of course it was crowded to suffocation. Judge Jones presided. The jury, twelve good men and true, were seated on a rudely constructed seat by the wall. A strong guard of well-armed men kept back the

All the noted men of Spur City were there — Dick Talbot, the man-from Red-Dog, Billy Brown, the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, Dave Reed from Gopher Gully, Yellow Jim of Paddy's Flat, and many

others less known to fame. Old Rennet had managed to squeeze in close to the line of men who kept back the

Judge Jones opened the court with a brief 'Fellow citizens," he said, "we are as sembled here, to-day, for a very important purpose. Last night, one of our townsmen was brutally murdered in the Eldorado Hotel. The prisoner, known to you all as finnie Johnson, stands accused of commit ting that murder. It behooves us for the reputation of our town to discover and

punish the doer of the deed. Miss Johnson, are you guilty or not guilty? "Not guilty," replied Jinnie, firmly.
'Why should I harm him? I never had

any grudge against him."
"I'll bet a mule agin a yaller pup she didn't do it!" howled the-man-from-Red

The Judge paid no attention to the inter-"The court will now proceed to examine the witnesses," Jones said. "As the pri-soner has no one to speak for her, I will see that she has full justice done her.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I stand ready to act as counsel for the prisoner!" exclaimed old Rennet, striving to push through the line of men, who resisted the attempt Ef you don't let the old fat cuss through, I'll climb all over you!" cried the Red-Dogite, shoving back the stalwart fellow

who opposed Rennet's progress. "What!" cried the guard, in rage, leveling his revolver full in the face of Jim. Say, you p'int that we'pon at me, thar-'ll be a furst-class funeral round hyer to-morrow, an' you'll ride in the furst carriage!" eried the-man-from-Red-Dog, de

There was a lively prospect of a row for a few minutes, but Talbot and a few others got between the angry guard and the redoubtable Red-Dog man, and succeeded in

Rennet passed through the guards, and took a position by the side of the prisoner while the commotion was going on.

"Don't be afraid, my girl," he said, encouragingly; "you're not without friends."

A grateful look from Jinnie rewarded

him for his words. Judge Jones surveyed the old lawyer with a peculiar expression in his stern eyes it seemed to be one of scornful defiance.

The troubled waters were calmed down, and the trial proceeded The first witness called was James Rennet. He gave a clear account of the discovery of the body, of knocking at the door of Jinnie, and of the discovery of the girl

with the bloody knife in her hand. 'I found it on the floor, and took it up to look at it," cried Jinnie, interrupting the Hush, my dear," said the old lawyer.

Young Rennet then told of his summoning Judge Jones, and of the events that fol-Ginger Bill, the driver, then gave his evidence, which differed but little from that of Rennet. The only important point was that it indicated the time when the murder

must have been committed Old Rennet put a few unimportant ques-tions to the two witnesses; they chiefly related to the appearance of the murdered

man when discovered by them. You see, gentlemen of the jury, the way the evidence tends," the Judge said. put the miner, Tendail, to bed, and, about an hour afterward, found him weltering in his gore; then, on knocking at the door of

the prisoner's room, the door flies open, and the prisoner is discovered with a bloody Bowie-knife in her hand, and some portions

of her dress stained with blood."

The Judge then produced the apron, which showed the blood-spots plainly on its white surface.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the old lawyer, in his bland, oily way, "as the proawyer, in his bland, only way, "as the proceedings of this court are not conducted according to regular rules, I propose that we let Miss Jinnie tell her own story about this bloody knife and the spots of blood upon her garments. We are after the truth, and, of course, it doesn't much matter how we get at it, as long as we do get at it. I have too much faith in the manhood of the free American citizens here on the frontier the American citizens here on the frontier, the pioneers of civilization, bearing the starry banner of our great republic amid hostile foes, to doubt but what they will do full justice to a young and helpless woman, especially when her life and death hangs on their acts!" And after this little Fourth-of-Julyism—this fragment of the "stump," Rennet looked around and smiled be-nignantly. The little hum of approval that arose told that his shot had struck home.

"Now, my dear, give us your account of this affair," continued the old lawyer, ad-

dressing the girl.
"Yes sir," Jinnie said, in a clear voice, and without a trace of embarrassment in her manner. "After I shut up the saloon, I went up-stairs to my room. I knew that there was a candle there, so I didn't carry one up with me, only some matches. I lit the candle, and it took me a few minutes, because I couldn't make the matches burn that I had with me; so I had to hunt for some that were in the room. After I lit the candle, I turned round to fasten the door and then I saw the Bowie-knife covered with blood, lying on the floor. From the place it was lying, I judged that some one had opened the door in the dark and thrown it in. That was what I thought the moment I saw it. I picked it up and some of the blood dripped off on my dress, and just then the door flew open, and I saw Mr. Rennet and Bill. When they told me that Gay was murdered, I guessed instantly that he had been killed by the knife that their he had been killed by the knife that I held in my hand. Of course I felt faint just a bit, though I ain't one of the fainting kind."

All within the room had listened attentively to the girl's words, and few there but believed that she spoke the truth.

Old Rennet looked around with an air of triumph

triumph.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury, how clear, how lucid is the young lady's statement. It carries conviction on the face of it. See how plain it is that the murderer, after committing the deed of blood, was naturally anxious to get rid of the bloody instrument, and opening the first door that came handy, cast in the crimson-stained knife. And again, I put it to you, gentlemen of the jury, as sensible and intelligent men, is it natural for any one to commit such a cold-booded, coolly-calculated mur-der, as this deed of blood must have been, and then allow himself or herself to be surprised with the very weapon of death, stained with the blood of the victim, in his or her hand? Of course not! It is utterly out of the question. The first impulse of the criminal is to remove all evidence imnow we come to the strongest point of all. What motive had this girl to commit the deed? Weigh that question well! What difference could it possibly make to her whether Gains Tendail was in the world or out of it? That's the point!" And Repret out of it? That's the point!" And Rennet paused and looked around him, as if to give

time for all to consider his words "A man does not stain his soul in crime without an object. There was some for this murder, but you can not connect the prisoner at the bar with it. There is no motive whatever for her committing the deed. The evidence against her, too, is of the weakest kind. Let me ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to put yourself in the place of this girl; let any one of you enter your apartment at night, and, finding a bloody knife on the floor, what would be more natural than for you to pick it up and examine it? Then, some one opens the door suddenly; you are found with the knife in your hand. How would any one of you like to be convicted of murder on such evi-

dence : The keen eyes of the old lawyer detected by the expression upon the faces of the jury that he had made the impression that he wished; but the cold smile which hovered

around Judge Jones' lips puzzled him. Gentlemen of the jury," the Judge said, as harsh, stern voice, "you have listenin his harsh, stern voice, "you have listen-ed to the eloquent address of this distinguished gentleman from the East. It is not for me, very little of a lawyer, to attempt to measure legal wits with him. I am only a plain man; I trust, an honest one; and in my present very disagreeable position, I am striving to do the best I can for the good of the community in which I live. Every one of our Western towns has had, at some time or other, earlier or later, to be purified of the desperadoes who prey upon good citizens. A terrible crime has been committed right in our midst; a woman is suspected of that crime; but, because she is a woman, is that a reason why we she is a woman, is that a reason why we should harbor her if she is guilty? No; if she is guilty, she ought to be punished! If she was a man, and found guilty of murder, I'd recommend the first rope and pine tree that came handy; but her sex protects her from that. But, fellow-citizens, if we find that she is guilty of this cold-blooded murder, we can send her to Austen, where the regular authorities will take charge of her egular authorities will take charge of her and deal with her according to her deserts. say these few words, fellow-citizens, so that no false sympathy will prevent you from doing your duty. And now, to return to the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence, it is claimed that she had no motive for committing the deed. There was a motive, and I have the proof regarding it."

The words of the Judge created a decided movement among the inmates of the im-

promptu court-room.

The jury looked at each other in astonish ment; they had about made up their minds that Jinnie was innocent, and the decided

words of Jones puzzled them.

Rennet hardly knew what to make of it, for he was sure that the girl had spoken the

As for Jinnie, she looked at the Judge in amazement. The spectators watched the proceeding with breathless anxiety.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

OMAHA is a corruption of Eromaha, Indian for "above the river," referring to its location above the mouth of the Platte.



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### Our Arm-Chair.

Personal.-Our "Fat Contributor," (A. M. Griswold), has been vacating at Westmoreland, New York, where he has sandwiched his siesta with some very unique contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, We have a promise, too. of something about Artemus Ward-some early letters, etc., which will be anticipated with lively interst. Mr. Griswold is we be lieve, "open" for lecture engagements.

Mr. Albert W. Aiken is now out on his starring tour. He will visit most of the leading cities in the Northern States, during the fall and coming winter. He takes with him his own select company of players-probably one of the best dramatic companies that ever went out for a season, from this great dramatic center. Mr. Aiken does not permit his stage en gagements to interfere with his regular contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, for which he writes exclusively. He is now employed and has well progressed, on a serial which will create quite a sensation. The author seems to develop new power with each additional

Our contributor, Bartley T. Campbell, has had several of his dramas put on the stage. One in one of the Pittsburgh theaters has been a fine success. Mr. Campbell, as one of our younger authors, is full of enthusiasm in his literary work, and gives fine promise for the future. He writes romance exclusively for our columns.

Popular Drinks .- A young man in this city was arrested for burglary, a few nights since, and when called up for examination pleaded that he was no burglar, but a respectable person, who, having been out on a spree, kicked in the basement door and went in the house of the accused because he had been drinking such infernal whisky, and would have set fire to the house had he not been arrested. "It was all of such bad liquor!" he sniffled.

This reminds us of the Colorado saloon keeper, whose "whisky straight" wasn't pizen enough; so he tried his hand at a bever age that would "fetch them every time." made of poison oak, butternut, sulphuric acid and fusil oil. This he called the Sheep-herder's Delight, and it soon became the popular beverage. The saloon-keeper thus adverted to its remarkable effects:

"The first Pike I tried it on yelled with delight the next one took two drinks and turned a double somerset in the road before the house. A peddler came along, and after he took several drinks of my sheep-herder's delight, he went off and stole his own pack and hid it in the woods."

From the increasing tendency of the members of the Tammany Ring to steal every thing they can lay hands on, we should say they were all addicted to the Sheep-herder's Delight.

Kill or Cure.-A friend who is a great sufferer from sick or nervous headache asks us, in her despair, if we can not suggest some cure for the affliction. BEAT TIMES' cure for a "chronic tooth" was to beat time on it with a hammer, but this might not do for the head Major Brown's "Mexican Cure" is as follows:

"Take a dessert spoonfull of common sode such as is used in making bread, and dissolve it thoroughly in a quart of cold water. With this thoroughly shampoon the head for about five minutes, scratch ing the skin of the head and the back of the neck well with the finger nails. Then rinse the head with clear cold water."

This strikes us as a very sensible performance, especially on heads which hadn't been washed since the last total eclipse. All the virtue there is in the soda is as an excitant. Borax probably would do as well if well applied by the soft hand of a maiden with sympathetic eyes and peaches on her cheeks which the same could be picked without offense.

Two Good Points.-J. E. Muecke, in a late note to the publishers, says:

"I must say I like the SATURDAY JOURNAL better than any other paper I ever saw. First, I like it because it has large print; second, because it has the best stories of all."

Our correspondent "speaks the mind" of a great many others. That small print is hurtful to the eyes-especially to the eyes of young people-every physician is agreed. The effort to crowd matter in the paper is, almost unfail ingly, at the expense of literary excellence. Probably, in the course of a year's time, we give more carefully-chosen and well-edited matter than any paper in the country, and have the satisfaction of knowing that every line is read with pleasure by a rapidly-growing circle of readers, who want quality as well as quantity.

A Public Benefactor.—An occasional contributor writes to complain that her SATURDAY JOURNAL comes regularly enough but is literally worn out, in traveling the village rounds. She says it sometimes comes back to her actually "scissored," and asks how to avoid the onpleasantness. We have taken pity on her and hereafter send her two copies of the Journal-one to lend and one to keep! All we ask is that the beneficiaries shall, about the holidays, hold a public meeting and express their appreciation of our benevolence by voting themselves each a turkey and sending us the yearly subscription that they heretofore have fooled away on some other paper.

Our Laughing Philosophers. prominent city newsdealer writes to thank us, personally, for the two humorous papers, "King Lear," by "The Fat Contributor. and "Sir Walter Raleigh, the First Tobacconist," by Washington Whitehorn - both of which appeared in No. 75 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL

The unique corps of humorous writers engaged on the SATURDAY JOURNAL gives to each issue of the paper a large installment of "food for smiles." No weekly, now issued in this country, can compare with this journal in the quality and quantity of its delicious humor, wit, burlesque and satire—all so ge-nial and laughable that readers find no drawback to their enjoyment of it. We propose to maintain the ascendancy now conceded to be long to the SATURDAY JOURNAL by drawing freely upon such wits and laughing philosophers as we have made peculiarly our own.

#### THE PILLARS OF OUR LAND.

OUR workingmen, the hard-handed sons of toil.

Our republic is really a republic of labor. Here we have no class of blue-blooded no-bles tracing back their high descent to some dark, mailed knight, whose creed was rapine, and whose law was that of the strong arm. We can not conceive of any thing more foolish than for a man to boast of the deeds of his ancestors and claim that he is the better for them.

"Our acts our angels are, for good or ill, Our evil genius' that walk by us still," Truer words were never written. Let us judge a man by what he is, not by what his father, grandfather or great-grandfather

The man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, whose life is sweetened by honest labor, is the true prince of earth. How ridiculous then to speak about a money-caste" in this great country, lifted up to its proud position among the nations of the earth solely by the bone and sinew

of the mechanic. The olden playwright wrote:

"The mechanic is one of God's noblemen!" And so he is; he rules by grace of his deft hand, strong arm and cunning brain. His victories transform the dark and sullen iron into bright and costly steel; the almost worthless metal into the costly tool. No widows mourn his triumphs, or orphaned children shudder at his name. His banner bears the dove and not the eagle.

Some of our political writers, who essay to form public opinion through the columns of the daily newspaper, seem to have the idea firmly fixed in their heads, that there is a natural antagonism existing between labor and capital; and acting on that idea, they strive to do their best to produce dis cord where naught but harmony and peace should reign.

A common interest binds labor and capital together. Take away the strong arms and working brains of the children of toil, and the mills of the Keystone State—the factories of Buckeye Ohio—every busy hive of industry from the swift-flowing Cheputnaticook, fringed by the pines of Maine and New Brunswick, to the golden-sanded rivers of the far western Eldorado that reflect in their limpid waters the white peaks of the Sierra, would be as silent as the grave. Take away capital, the same result would

be produced. Capital and labor can not be separated they have an interest in common; one can not live without the other.

All strikes are radically wrong; but, of course, as long as human nature is human nature, it will be prone to error. Men will represent a great monied corporation or a

be pig-headed once in a while, whether they band of strong-armed workers. Arbitration should settle all difference arising between the employer and the employee; possibly the time will come when it will. There is a great deal of nonsense about 'caste" in this great nation of ours, where

As if money ever gave a man brains. Half the time the leap into wealth takes away what sense the man did have, instead of increasing it. Then, too, the world speaks about a man

being of a good family, as if from the si-lence of the tomb his smoldering kindred gave him some magic charm which made him better than the rest of his fellows. The man who holds his place in world by virtue of what somebody else has

done, is a puppet whom the first blast of adversity will force from his airy perch and dash down to the earth, from whence he never more will rise. Look back over the history of the world, and see where the great men have come

from; the blazing stars that have illumined their time. Stern Cromwell, the greatest man known to English history, a brewer; Napoleon the greatest captain that ever drew sword a descendant of a simple Corsican family, a

common soldier of fortune; Washington, the plain Virginia gentleman. We have named three bright and shining lights, dear to soldiery fame, for it is amid the ranks of war that "blue blood" claims pre-eminence; were we to name the victors in the more gentle arts who have sprung from the people, we fear both pen and reader would tire.

The workingman can look back without a blush to the record of the past.

#### TRUE STORY OF THE FORTY THIEVES.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

THE Forty Thieves lived a great many years ago, when thieves were scarce: hence they are embalmed in story. Had they lived in our day, when thieves are so numer-ous, they would have been totally disregarded on account of the insignificance of their numbers.

The story is simple: Cassim and Ali Baba are brothers. Cassim is rich and Ali is poor. While the former leads a life of uxury and ease, the latter hauls wood for a living, and often bemoans his fate, forgetful of the fact that Grant once followed that honorable though humble occupation. Wood-haulers should not despair; as they may become President yet for what they know-or for what they don't know; it is

hard to tell which, nowadays.
One day, when Ali Baba went to the forest to get a jog of wood, he saw horse-men approaching, and, fearing evil, he climbed into a tree and concealed himself. The troop halted under that identical tree dismounted, and took from their horses several heavily-loaded carpet-bags, which led Ali to infer they were carpet-baggers re-turned from the South, gorged with the spoils of office. He found, however, they were regular professional thieves, and then

he had more respect for them. The captain of the band-there were just forty of them-approached a rock hard by, and exclaimed-"Open, Sesame!" when,

as Ali afterward expressed it to his wife-"You'd orter see Sammy open!" Instantly, on the word, a door concealed in the rock opened as by magic, and the captain entered, followed by his band, who marched in open order by the left flank, double rat-tail file, centering on the left wing, with the right resting on the door-sill, at a shoulder arms, with muskets reversed. (Military readers may understand this; blowed if

When they were all in, the captain shout ed: "Shut, Sesame!" when Sammy immediately shut, that being what Sammy was for. Shortly after, the robbers (having stored away their plunder) reappeared; the door closed after them at the word of command, and mounting their horses, they rode

When they were gone, Ali, getting down from the tree, tried the magic word himself, when open flew the door, and, after a little hesitation, he entered the robbers' cave. Great was his astonishment at what he be-

He found splendid apartments, suitable for married or single gentlemen, handsomely furnished, and lighted with gas, with or without board, and within five minutes walk of the post-office. On every hand were heaps of diamonds, great bags of gold, and dead loads of greenbacks. Here, then, was where the robbers lived when they were at home, and here was where they

stored their plunder. Resolved to have his whack at it, he loaded his mule with all the gold he could carry, and started for home. Imagine the delight of Mrs. Baba when her Ali came marching home. (You see, she was very much concerned over his absence, because he was Ali Baba she had.) She helped him unload the gold and store it away in the cellar with an alacrity she rarely displayed in doing her housework. She was curious to know just how much there was of it, so as to make a correct income return to the Government. Accordingly, while her husband was gone to put up the mule, she tried to count it. Naturally wearying of this employment after she had got up among the millions, she concluded to measure it. and for that purpose ran across the street to her sister-in-law's, Mrs. Cassim's, and borrowed her half-bushel measure, pretending she wanted to measure some Early Ros Mrs. Cassim put glue on the bottom of the measure to see what kind of po-tatoes they were—which was mighty small

potatoes on the part of Mrs. Cassim. When the measure was returned, Mrs. C. found a five-cent nickel adhering to the bot-"When," said she to Cassim, in re lating the circumstance, "when did Ali ever have five cents in the house all at once? Of a sudden he seems to have bushels of money." Cassim walked over to his bro-ther's house and questioned him, when Ali ther's house and questioned him, when Ali told him all about the robbers' cave, and gave him the magic word which opened the door. Next day Cassim went up there to get some of it himself, but, after loading himself down with wealth, he forgot the word, and couldn't get out. He tried various words, cried—"Open, See-Billy!" and "Open, See-Polly Ann!" but all to no purpose, because his memory couldn't come and see Sammy.

The result was the robbers came and

The result was, the robbers came and killed him, and being always ready to make a quarter when they could, they quartered him, remarking facetiously that he was the only gentleman who had ever been quartered there before, except themselves. they hung him up inside the door as a warning to any rash intruder who might seek to enter without a suitable recom-mendation from his last place.

In the mean time Mrs. Cassim, becoming alarmed at her husband's prolonged absence sent Ali to look for him. He went to the cavern, and, on finding his murdered ther, felt almost as badly cut up as Cassim was. He packed the four last sad remains of his brother in one of the sacks which were on his mule, and then, to balance itmake accounts square with his brother, as it were—thoughtfully stuffed the other sack with gold, so that, as he afterward reckon ed it, his brother's four quarters on one side of the mule were equal to thirteen hundred thousand, six hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents on the other. It is rare ly that a brother can be made so useful lead or alive—especially when reduced to

The next business, after getting his quadrilateral brother home, was to bury without creating suspicion among the neighbors. To account reasonably for his death servant was sent for some drug - store whisky, under the pretense that Cassim wanted it for medicinal purposes; so, when it was given out next day that the whisky killed him, no one thought any thing strange of the circumstance.

four quarters.

There was an old cobbler who lived on corner, hard by, who opened very early in the morning to accommodate any one who having been drinking hard the night before wanted an early "cobbler." He consented to sew Cassim together for a consideration. and was, accordingly, blindfolded and led to the house. He performed a very neat job indeed, though he left a stitch in Cassim's side that he will probably never get over. He offered to half-sole him, too, and set up his heels, but further services were declined. Cassim was buried next day with becoming honors.

Various stratagems were employed by the robbers to learn who it was that possessed the secret of the cave; at length they suc ceeded, and plans were laid for his destruction. One day the captain of the Forty Thieves came to Ali Baba's house (Ali had moved into Cassim's brown-stone front). and represented himself as a dealer in petroleum. He had a large quantity of non-explosive oil in casks, which he desired to store with Ali for a few days. "Certainly, said the unsuspecting Ali, who was the soul of hospitality; "roll it right into my par-

Now, some of these casks contained nonexplosive oil, while the others contained something almost as deadly, though not quite — murdering robbers. The hrewdly conjectured that, if the oil did not blow up the whole family during the night which was probable, his men would dispatch them

The plot failed. A servant girl, who had been sitting up late in the kitchen with her young man, went to one of the casks to replenish her lamp, and discovered the rob-bers. She finished them by pouring on them boiling oil—not the only instance where men have been ruined "in oil." This narrow escape of the Baba family should be a warning to people notto allow strangers to roll casks of oil into their front parlors!

The robber chief, being thus deprived of his band, advertised in the morning papers

for forty more thieves, determined to begin business anew, and hoping by industry and close attention to business to merit a share of public patronage. But he was so overrun with ex-congressmen, Indian commissioners, ex-revenue collectors, absconding bank officers, dishonest postmasters, treach erous express messengers, managers of defunct gift enterprises, New York city officials, and the like, that he was driven nearly crazy. Instead of forty, there were more than forty thousand of them; and, becom ing disgusted, he concluded to go out of the tealing business altogether; it was getting

The career of the Forty Thieves, instead of proving a salutary warning, seems to have inspired emulation, for the number of thieves is certainly multiplying every day.

#### Fooiscap Papers. Imposition.

I AM very meek and lamb-like. I think it is on account of the meekness and lamb-likeness of my disposition that I

and lamb-likeness of my disposition that I am continually being imposed upon.

The more good I do in the world the more harm is done me. I never gave a shoulder of meat to a poor devil but he came at night and stole the skillet to fry it in, or some cabbage to keep it company in

I never rescued a woman from drowning but she vituperated me for disarranging her chignon. I have continually got the worst of every thing and the best of nothing.
When I was a precocious boy I made the

best hand in the world to watch the sack in a sniping expedition. I was continually accommodating my friends by running around to the shoe-maker's shops for bottles of imaginary strap

My good nature has been worked upon in every way under the sun except the right

I am the best fellow that ever entered ar auction room, so the auctioneers declare, for what other's don't buy I always do, unsus-pectingly led on by listening to the plau-sible descriptions of the auctioneer, and the

outside appearance of the article.

My mission on the earth is assuredly one of peace and good will to all mankind, but have been continually getting kicked in running in and trying to part two comba-

tants in a fight. And since the little matter of wife-beating has got to be such a national amusement, and is becoming so popular, every time that I have interfered I have had my labor for my pains, and I may say more pains than a good-natured, benevolent man should have, for either the husband has turned upon me, or the wife has, or, as is not unfrequently the case, both have, and I never could see why, in the name of common or uncommon sense, it was so; and I have tried to solve while lying in bed with a half circle of plasters on my head, just where the rim of the last skillet rested in its descent.

Yesterday evening as I was going home to supper by a roundabout way, which was much the quickest route in this case, for I had promised on that day to settle, not down but up, along that route, but, owing to the persistency of an uncle in not succumbing to the rheumatism, I would have been obliged to stop and talk to each creditor in disappointing terms; so I took the quickest route home, and in a by-street came upon a husband who was taking the full benefit of the marriage laws to give his wife one of the most affectionate thrashings

that she ever expected to receive. hilarating in the manner in which he showered his affectionate caresses upon her head with his fist, calling her the most endearingly mean names you could think of while she was doing her lovingly best to get a word in edgeways—and also a piece of a board; but she was evidently getting badly whipped, (N. B.—This gentleman is to be hired,) so I deemed it my duty to interfere as I was neutral, and, putting on my spectacles, I got between the agreeable pair, when my spectacles were immediately ren-dered sightless, and my plug hat went down over my eyes with speed. "My dear sir," over my eyes with speed. "My dear sir," said I, speaking out of the crown of my hat, (it had been knocked off,) "let us have peace, or I shall be obliged to read the riot

"I'm boss of this yere fight, my covey," said he, as he gently brushed my hat off my head with a blow that sent me into the arms of the woman.

'Niver mind that lick, at all," she said, as she put me on my feet again, "but go for that murtherin' baste of a husband."

"Go for the d-ickens," said I, for I saw him coming for me again.

The Whitehorn family have always been noted for their endurance; they have endured more thrashings than any other family, for they have been very lamb-like, and would rather persuade than pound; but, there was a woman in this case, and the cause of woman—when they have any cause at all-I will ever defend, so help me, some body! and, as he came upon me again, l shut my eyes and with one blow I spread his nose all over his face to dry, and he repaired to a doctor-shop to have it remo-

"Och," said the woman, "and ye are a foine man, ye are, and I'll never live with that spalpeen any more, bad luck to him! And ye are the gintleman I loike, and I'll never leave you, never!" and she threw her arms around my neck, and said, "Never, But, I tried to assure her that my part of

the contract ended here; yet, do you think she would let me go? Not a bit of it!
In vain I protested that I was married, and pictured to her in glowing terms the sorrow of Sarah Jane; and told her I wanted to go home; but to the tails of my coat she clung like death to a dead gentleman of color, declaring I had saved her life, and that she wouldn't give me up after such an act of kindness as that. Then I sw-no, I affirmed, solemnly, that she was a fool; assured her I wasn't of age yet; and felt that I was seriously involved in complications Ireland, while the crowd yelled. 'Stick to him, Biddy!" It was awful! made one grand lunge, with "Sarah Jane forever!" on my lips, and, leaving my coattails in the hands of this Amazon, I made straight—I was going to say coat-tail, but I hadn't any—cut for home, but was arrested two squares off by a policeman, and was fined ten dollars, on Biddy's complaint, for assaulting her dear husband. When I see a man and wife fighting after this, I am going to do all I can to let them fight. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS, and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy;" third, length, of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet, Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is writen, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will use "The Wild Steed;" "A Dread Night;" "How He won Her;" "The Emerald Necklace!" poem, "To My Friend;" "Little Johnny Clem." —We can not use and therefore return "Edith's Plot;" "A Tear;" "My Friend Stockenbridge;" "The Indian Lover," "The Ruse;" "My Wife's Enemy;" "Six Days."—Poem, "Last Good-by," not available. No address or stamps.—We return the two papers by Miss M. F. B., as being not just what we require.—Poems, by M. O. R., we will use. The Journal is sent to him regularly.—The MS., "Girl Phantom," we can only use after careful revision, which we will try and give it.—Will try and use "A Woman's Whim" and "Walter's Masquerading."—Shall have to say no to the MSS., "Case of Conscience" and "John Dean's Rival."—Poem, "Childhood's Music," we return for reasons mentioned in letter to author.—The half-humorous exprit, "Juvenile Lyries," we can not use and return the same. It is hardly "in our line."—The MS., "Oswald Dean's Escape," we return. The author, we should infer, was not yet well qualified to write for the press,—MS. left by C. H. M. would not be "at home." in our columns. It is rather in the Harper's Monthly line. Send it to Franklin Square.—Can make no use of MS., "Red-skins Outwitted." No stamps.—Will use "What Josie's Jealousy Wronght;" "A Wife's Cure;" "Miss Leffington's Misfortune;" "The Broken Ring,"—We return "Trapped."—Can not use "They Are Gone." No Stamps.—Ditto, "The Broken Ring,"—We return "Trapped."—Can not use "They Are Gone." No Stamps.—Ditto, "The Broken Ring,"—We return "Trapped."—Can not use "They Are Gone." No Stamps.—Ditto, "The Broken Ring,"—We return "Trapped."—Can not use "They Are Gone." No Stamps.—Ditto, "The Broken Ring,"—We return "Trapped."—Can not use "They Are Gone." No Stamps.—Ditto, "The Broken Ring,"—We return "Trapped."—Can not use "They Are Gone." No Stamps.—Ditto, "The Broken Ring,"—The Rs., "The Three Graces,"

M. O. R. We have no objecti

R. A. B. Address American News Co.

An Aspirant. Bulwer's "Zanoni" has had a very large circulation. As it was one of his earlier works, we presume he has greatly modified his views since it was written.

HENRY L. L. We think a good Letter-Writer Manual a very good thing, as an aid to correspondence. One of the best is "Beadle's Dime Letter-Writer and Correspondent's Guide." It is full of forms for all kinds of letters.

Frank Whipple Mr. Albert W. Aiken writes for no paper or periodical but the Saturday Journal.

—We only accept contributions on their merits. Names to us are nothing—merit every thing.—

"Agile Penne" is working upon a new romance of city life.—A new story by the author of the "Heart of Fire" will appear in due season.

A Samor Fountage to the contribution of the "Heart of Fire" will appear in due season.

A SAILOR. Fourteen to twenty-two dollars per month and rations.

H. W. B. A new serial by the author of "Hood-winked," commences in this number. The author writes for no other paper. writes for no other paper.

CHARLEY. Certainly A lady who will persist in keeping a gentleman's letters and gifts to her, when an engagement is sundered, is guilty of an act that savors of dishonor—unless, indeed, the gentleman himself, without good cause, has sundered the relation, in which case it is optional with the lady to keep or return all gifts and letters.

STEPHEN L. We supply all back numbers—price six cents each, from number fifty. All before that five cents each. Your handwriting is fair. Study evenness and avoid the flourishes.

E. H. P. The only way to become a scientific "Steam Engineer," is to obtain an apprenticeship in some of our leading locomotive or engine manufacturing works, and at the same time to pursue your studies in the evening of text-books on power and mechanism.

H. S. R. The cost of a design and

H. S. R. The cost of a design and engraved wood block 10 by 3 inches, would be about forty dollars, not less. We have no idea what the nuts are worth.

re worth.

M. R., Brooklyn. If no indentures of apprentice M. M., Brooklyn. If no indentures of apprenticeship have been signed, your employer has no legal claims on you. Don't leave him, however, without good cause. Inform him, however, that you fully understand your rights, and demand, as the consideration of your staying, good usage and proper monthly nay.

J. E. M., Kingston. We can supply all numbers of the Saturday Journal, from 1 to 50—price five

J. H. McC. There are, already on the market, several works similar to that proposed by you, supplying all the want there is for books of that nature. C. G. N. Neatsfoot oil; or chicken oil; or sweet oil and tallow, equal parts. C. A. K. Yes; will bring forward a new story by Mr. Aiken, ere long. We want no "exclusive" authors except such as possess rare merit. "Engaging" every person who happens to know how to write, is the best possible way to produce a stupid

write, is the best possible way to produce a stupid paper.

M. K. W. asks if it is possible that the sewing women of New York make shirts for twelve cents each? They do; but without the bosoms and wristbands, which are afterward added. These prices are "shop work"—that is, in shops where the manufacturer furnishes all the material and the sewing machine on which the work is done.

Lizzie Allen wants to know our view of the coeducation of the sexes. We are firmly convinced that it is wrong. The average ages of collegians are 16 to 21—a period in life when principles are under the least control in men and reason and taste are immature in women; and the common association of male and female, at that transition period, in the majority of cases must develop thoughts, passions, tastes and habits, at which the considerate parent would stand aghast. No; even in our common schools to put boys and girls together, in our opinion, is a fearful mistake in the educational system, which a wiser generation will correct.

A STUDENT calls our attention to a rather singular and most decidedly foolish will lately mede

opinion, is a fearful mistake in the educational system, which a wiser generation will correct.

A STUDENT calls our attention to a rather singular, and most decidedly foolish, will, lately made public, and asks us if any thing like it was ever heard of before. It would take a very large volume, indeed, to give an account of all the remarkable wills that have attracted attention. We have only room for one. The will of one Louis Cortasio, a doctor of Padua, dated 1418. The testator forbids his relatives to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited, and on the contrary, appoints him who shall laugh the loudest, the principal heir and universal legatee. Not a stitch of black must be seen either in the house of death, nor in the church in which he shall be buried; they are both to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. Instead of the tolling of bells, lively music is to accompany the body to church; fifty minetrels of the town are to march with the clergy, some before and some after, sounding their lutes, violins, flutes, trumpets and trombones; and "Hallelujah" is to be sung, as at Easter. The bier is to be carried by twelve marriageable girls, clothed in green and singing lively airs, to each of whom the testator gives a sum of money for her dowry. Instead of torches, green boughs are to be carried by boys and girls, wearing wreaths of flowers and singing. None of the clergy or men in the procession are to wear black. The singular thing is, that these orders were absolutely carried into effect, and this by the authority of a legal judgment. The decision of the judge before whom the case was tried was exceedingly learned. He said: "The testament in question is the deed of a celebrated doctor—a celebrated doctor can not do a foolish thing; therefore, the testament is valid."

A. T. E. writes: "A friend who has been a great reader, says, that originally in churches the pulpits

the testament is valid."

A. T. E. writes: "A friend who has been a great reader, says, that originally in churches the pulpits faced to the west and that there was some good reson for it, although he can not tell what it was. I deny the statement in toto. Please decide." Your chirally extensive the control originally." deny the statement in toto. Please decide." Your ricend's statement is correct. Originally all pulpits faced to the west, that the eyes of the congregation might see all acts of devotion and look toward the east, whence the Son of Righteousness arose. The first deviations from this rule were introduced by the Puritans, and the first chapel erected north and south was the chapel of Emanuel College, Cambridge, England, founded by Sir Walter Mildway, a distinguished leader of that sect.

distinguished leader of that sect.

J. S., Boston, inquires: "What do the Ethiopian comedians use to black up with? How is it mixed, and is it injurious to the face?" Burnt cork. Put the corks in a 'in or iron pan; pour a little alcohol over, and set fire to them 'let them burn to ashes; then pulverize them with the hand and mix with water or beer to a thick paste, and apply it with the hand to the face. It is not particularly hurtful to the skin.

Don Pedro loves a "sweetly pretty" girl whom he often meets but does not know. Obtain a personal introduction through some mutual friend, or write her a candid, respectful note, asking for her acquaintance, giving your own proper name.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear





#### TO MY LITTLE DARLING.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

The moon is shining o'er us,
The stars are brightly gleaming;
The scene is fair before us,
Sweet love, with dark eyes beaming.

My arms fondly enfold thee, With rapture to my bosom; My eyes with joy behold thee, My love, my pretty blossom!

My love of loves sincerest!
From thee I ne'er will sever;
False to thee? Never, dearest!
I must love thee forever!

And if e'er o'er my blossom
Dark clouds threaten and glower,
I'll take thee to my bosom
Till the angry storm is over.

I'll shield thee when in trouble, From tongues that idly prattle; Though misfortunes 'round thee double, I'll bravely for thee battle. And when thy heart meets sadness,

And gloom around thee presses, I'll win thee back to gladness With kisses and caresses.

But, I hear the watch-dog snarling; The old folks are behind us! So kiss me good-night, darling; I hardly think they'll find us.

## In the Wilderness.

III.—WADING THE RIFTS.

THERE was a buzz of preparation early next morning in the fishermens' camp. Rods were taken out and fitted; leaders, flies and lines inspected; reels put in order; while the old-fashioned fishermen of the party were out procuring bait. The woods were lovely to-day, vocal with the song of the early birds, and fresh and green under the glistening dew of the morning. White fleecy clouds sailed slowly across the breaks in the overhanging vista of branches, and the river made strange music as it rippled on over the stones.

Viator was a spectacle for a lady's society as he appeared for the rift-fishing. He wore a pair of heavy boots which reached nearly to his thighs, impervious to water, yet lightly made in every part except the soles, which were nearly an inch thick and furnished with spikes like those of an Irish brogan. Upon his head was a huge broad-brimmed soft hat, stained and discolored by mud and water. His other garments, con-sisting of a rough "Jersey" and buck-skin pants, evidently had seen hard service. Add to this a fish-basket and rod, and you

have the fisherman complete.

Take his opposite, in the person of Augustus Bacon. He wore the approved fishing costume of the cities—tight pants, short coat—which made his long legs look longer still—gaiters, skull-cap, and straps, belts, and boxes without number. Old Ben grinned satirically at the sight, and was heard to mutter a fervent aspiration that he might come to grief. How well his expectations were realized, let the sequel show.

The rest of the party were equipped as they should have been, for they had taken lessons from experience. Augustus Bacon's was the only "fancy dress" of the party. "What you going to do with that livin' beast of prey?" roared Ben, in strong disgust, as he saw the stretcher which the ama-

teur fisherman was putting on-a gaudy salmon-fly, which no man who knew any thing about the business would have dream-I want a heavy fly for a stretcher." said

'Gustus, looking up with a sickly grin.
"Do you think it too small?" Too small! Look here; if you was going to fish for whales or hippopotamuses, you might need a fly as big as that. But, seeing you are arter rayther smaller game seems to me you might use a fly that didn't weigh a ton. See here; I'm going to do the fair thing by you. Now, don't you undertake to wade the rifts. But you jest take my bait-box and scoot along the bank, and wherever you see a likely place, you try 'em on. Like ez not you'll strike suthin' if you

"Ridiculous! I am going to fish where the rest do.'

"Then go on. Only, if you hook that grappling-iron you've got on the eend of your line into a tree, it's your own look-out, not mine. Come along, boys. Don't try to put your rods together until you get into the river."

They marched on in silence for half an hour, the bushes growing so thick upon the banks that they found it impossible to get to the river. 'Gustus began to look blue, and his sadness increased as he saw Ben part the thick bushes and reach the riverside, and, instead of stopping, walk into the water up to his knees, followed by the rest party, leaving him upon the bank

"Where are you going, you fellows?" he gasped. "I can't do that, you know." "Never know what you can do till you try it on, boss," said Ben. "You kin hev the other side, where the water is shallow. Spread out there, boys, and leave space enuff between you so that you won't git

tangled up, and then give it to 'em!' There was a rattling of reels, the chink of metal, and the rods were ready for use. Viator was quickest at the work, and before the others were ready, his hand, holding the lithe nme-ounce lancewood, was thrown back over his shoulder, and the brown cockles and kare's ears lighted upon the water, twenty feet below. He was in the middle of the rift, where the water rose half-way to his thighs. Next to him was Scribbler, an old votary of hook and line, who left a place next him for 'Gustus, if he could

pluck up courage to cross. Viator let the light hair line float for a moment on the water, and then threw again. There was a little circle in the water where the fly lighted, and two or three bubbles rose to the surface. "Ah-ha, my lad!" muttered Viator. "You see it, you? Let us try once more." Again the flies sailed through the air and dropped lightly on the water, and the next moment the lithe rod doubled in the strong hand of the fisherman, and the shrill music of the reel was heard as the line spun out through the rings, and, a moment after, a noble fish from the current with erected fins and dilated gills, struggling to shake the strong tackle from his mouth. Down he went into a deep pool, and Viator gave him the butt, and began to reel in slowly, for the fish was a good one, and full of

The pose of a skillful fisherman is beautiful. He stands with one hand holding the rod just above the reel, his other hand grasping the reel and working it according to the nature of the fish he has hooked, his watchful eye upon the water, where, from time to time, the struggling trout appears. The fight is soon over, and, with a shout of

victory, the elated fisherman scoops up his first prize and deposits it in the basket, and

prepares his cast again.

By this time the others are at work, and each has hooked a fish, and even Spencer, under the watchful care of old Ben, has succeeded in taking in a fish weighing nearly half a pound. Gustus is prancing wildly up and down the bank, shouting to his companions to know if it is "very cold," and lamenting his untried gaiters. At length his desire to distinguish himself got the better of his fear of the water, and in he went. The spring cold water sent a chill to his bones, but he advanced bravely, until, stepping on a slippery stone, he displayed the heels of his gaiters to the admiring gaze of his friends, while his head disappeared beneath the tide. There was a confused splut-tering in the water, and 'Gustus sat up, woefully demoralized and disgusted with

rift-fishing.
"Thar," said Ben, as he landed a large trout and deposited it in his basket. can't git any wetter, that's one comfort; so you may as well pick yourself up and git to

'Gustus complied ruefully, but his confidence, as well as his person, was sadly dam-pened. He took his station next to Scribbler, and made that unfortunate man's life a bur den to him for some moments. That sal mon fly took such strange and erratic pilgrimages through the air that it is no won-der that Scribbler was in dread of what might happen to him. By that fatality which always attends unskillful fishers, one of the fathers of the trout family took a fancy to one of the flies which 'Gustus cast upon the waters. Whizz! The ling rung the reel, and 'Gus started off like a race horse, the water splashing prodigiously as he rushed. "I'll be dog-goned if he ain't hooked a big 'un," roared Ben. "Hi! Straighten up on him afore he tows you ashore!

'Gustus "straightened up on him"—in other words, attempted to throw him over his head. But, unfortunately, the fish was heavier than he thought; the tip broke short off, and away went the big fish, carry-ing with him those dreadful flies and six feet of leader. So suddenly was the strain taken off that 'Gustus toppled backward and went down with a resounding splash. When he once more regained his perpendicular, he picked up the pieces of his rod and made for the shore, unheeding the invitations of Ben to "try it on ag'in."

The rest of the party kept on down the rifts, doing fearful havoc among the finny tribes. Now and then one or the other of the party went down, but he rose again with unshaken courage, repaired whatever damage had been done, and kept on. The fish baskets began to weigh heavy upon them, and about noon they reached the foot of the rift, and landed. The old guide built up a fire, and before half an hour had passed they were discussing the merits of a trout dinner, making the air vocal with their laughter. The first fish was hardly off the coals when they were joined by 'Gustus, carrying quite a string of fish, which he had caught with bait and hook from the deep pools along the shore.

He was not in good humor, for the success of his companions, in rift fishing, had somewhat angered him. A visitation to his "pocket-pistol," a pound of well cooked trout, and a cup of excellent coffee, together with a promise from Viator to lend him a fishing rig, put him in better humor. He fished from the bank for the rest of the day, and came back with the party at night, boasting of the great things he would next day, when once made master of Viator's clothing. And they went to rest, satisfied that he would do great deeds in the next day's fishing.

## Helen's Wedding Present.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"It's just the most provoking thing I ever knew! Why couldn't they have staid home, I'd like to know, at this particular time? And the St. Lawrences all coming to-night, too!"

Isadore Hemingway's face wore the most angry of frowns, and she tapped her foot against the gleaming fender, with a gesture that betokened how vexed she was. "It is a little trying, I admit, Isadore, es-

pecially when I remember how very proud and disdainful the St. Lawrences are, and how overpoweringly confidential and familiar dear old aunt Hetty is apt to be."

"Dear old aunt Hetty!" Isadore retorted, scornfully. "Why, Helen Hemingway,

where has your common sense gone?"

But Nellie laughed good-naturedly; she

had grown accustomed to her sister's ways.
"To be sure I love aunt Hetty, and uncle Amasa too; and if your gratitude was of a stronger type, you, Isadore, would never forget that dreadful summer we both were down with the typhoid fever at Beach Nest. and dear old auntie nursed us through when our own mother was afraid to come

There came a faint flush to Isadore' cheeks at Nell's earnest, almost reproachfully indignant words.
"Of course I have always been grateful

Nell; and you know I gave aunt Hetty a new black silk dress." And I can tell you she'd far more prize

a kind welcome and a loving kiss. I shall make her as happy as I can while she is here, the wedding and the St. Lawrences poturithetanding." notwithstanding."

Nell tossed her brown curls and then

went on with her reading. Suddenly Isa-dore glanced up, and spoke: "Helen, I wonder if Dr. Will Greyson will

come with them?" Then the rich, guilty flushes sprung all over Nell's sweet face, surging to the very collar around her white, shapely throat.
"Dr. Greyson! Why should he? You don't suppose he has remembered us, do you

Perhaps not us, Nell; but I certainly think he remembers you. You needn't look so deliciously ill at ease. I know how you like him, and I don't wonder, for he is the most noble man I ever saw.

You say that, and to be married to Harry St. Lawrence to-morrow!" Then there came a little quiver around

Isadore's perfect mouth; a faint grayness that lingered for a moment around her lips. "Helen, may I confide my secret to you? Nell, Nell, my sister, I am going to take false vows upon myself when I shall promise to love Harry St. Lawrence! And didn't you know, didn't you guess it is he—that grave young physician—I am lov-

ing?"
She buried her face in her hands, and He-

len, with a white agony on her face, sat with amaze.

Ah, that was a bitter moment to Nell Hemingway when she heard her sister declare her love for a man her own heart was worshiping! But, she only sat, suffering si-lently, and withal thankful that Dr. Greyson himself was in blissful ignorance of the unfortunate love given him. Then she laid her hand on her sister's head.

"It may be strange advice, Isadore, and which arises from the suddenness of the knowledge that you do not care for your betrothed husband, but I tell you to do as I would do myself; if you do not love Mr. St. Lawrence, do not marry him. If you love

Dr. Greyson, win him, if you can."

It had taken an effort to speak these words; but Isadore only shook her head

'No, there is no time now. To-morrow I shall be Mrs. St. Lawrence, and you must give me Dr. Greyson for my brother. For-give me for telling you my story, sister Nell; let us forget it as soon as we can Now, shall we go down and see our country

And Nell wondered at the regained look of calm composure on Isadore's face.

"So we've come in time to see the weddin', eh, Isadore? I guess you didn't calker-

late on us, did you, now Honest-hearted aunt Hetty had pressed sounding kisses on the girls' cheeks, and then turned to enjoy a little gossip with the bride-elect. But, Isadore was encased in her invulnerable armor of frigidity. We certainly had not expected you.

There are very few guests invited."
"Well, that's the better for me, seein' as how I only brought my black silk along. Amasa, where's them apples and walnuts Dr. Greyson put in the wagon when we started? That reminds me, he sent his love to you, Isadore—not knowin', you see, that you was to be married, any more'n we did." For a brief second the sisters' eyes met; Helen's full of sudden, anguishful disappointmen; Isadore's wearing a proud tri-umph that almost startled Nell.

Aunt Hetty went on, little thinking the havoc she was making. "I feel kinder sorry for him, Isadore; I had an idea he thought purty considerable of one of you, but this morning when he

mentioned your name particular, I see he never dreamed you'd be married so soon." Isadore made some trifling answer, and then left the sitting-room for the silence of her own chamber.

Once alone, she paced the floor in restless agitation, her eyes holding in their depths a half-desperate light; then she sat down by her writing-desk, and with cold, trembling fingers, wrote this:

"Harry, you will be insulted, indignant, and 'Harry, you will be insulted, indighant, and I know wounded when you read this note, written on the eve of the day upon which we were to be married; but, dear Harry, I can not become your wife; I have found that I do not love you; and, cruel though my task is to tell it, strangely incomprehensible as it will appear in the eyes of the world, I, to-night, declare our engagement at an end. Do not seek to see me; you can go to Helen; she will explain it 'Forgive me, if you can, for the wrong I have

She dispatched the note by Mr. Hemingway's coachman, and then deliberately told the family, to their horror, of her positive

intention not to be married.

While Nell sobbed herself to sleep, for sorrow that handsome Will Greyson did not love her, Isadore dreamed of the days when she should be his bride.

Of course it was a nine day's talk, the suddenly broken-off match between Harry St. Lawrence and Isadore Hemingway. Some prophesied one reason, others ar other, while no one but Helen knew the

Uncle Amasa, when the news had been told him, opened his eyes more widely than usual, then raised his shaggy brows, before

he spoke.
"I think it is a wrong thing to do, niece I talink it is a wrong thing to do, niece Isadore, and I don't wonder the young man's broke up. So I s'pose the weddin' present I'd calculated to give you won't be wanted now. Little Nell, I'm going to give it to you. 'Tain't much, but it's the best I can do."

He lifted a small book from his capacious pocket; a new, gaudily-bound volume, whose leaves were yet uncut.

"It's poitry, Helen, all about love and the ce. You'll not refuse it when your old uncle picked it out?"

A half-scornful smile was curling Isadore's lips, as the old man proffered the book to Helen. Helen saw the sneer, and the angry blushes spread to her cheeks.
"Will I take it, dear uncle? Indeed I will, and a thousand thanks for your kind-

Isadore laughed at her sister's enthusiasm and then bade her uncle and aunt good-by; adding, very consequentially, that they might expect her down to the farm-house

Aunt Hetty sighed after they were in their old-fashioned wagon.

"Isadore's a good girl, only so proud! but, Nell's the pride of the family. If it was only her Dr. Greyson was after!"

The cool evenings of May, balmy and moonlighted, had come; and the Misses Hemingway had been settled in the cozy, spacious farm-house since the first crocuses of early April had bloomed in warm, sunny

Those few weeks had their own history heart history, too, that recorded the love life of Dr. Greyson and—not Isadore Hemingway, alas! poor Isadore! but Helen—pretty, modest Nell, who had not dared dream that the handsome young physician loved her; who had counseled haughty Isadore to win him; who had even come to the country for Isadore's sake; had been asked by Dr. Will Greyson to be his wife! It had all happened so naturally, so eveny, that Isadore herself was not surprised

from filling with tears, she had listened to Nell's half-deprecating announcement. Afterward, when Will had called her sister, and a little shiver had run over her frame, she grew more pensive than was her wont; then, day by day, Nell was rejoiced

when, with eyes that she could not keep

to see her spirits again returning.

It was in the very warmest July days, that word came to the quiet country house of a terrible illness in the St. Lawrence mansion; Harry was ill-dangerously ill, and the physicians said there had been some severe mental excitement to superin-

And that cause Isadore knew was her cruel jilting of him at the very eleventh

duce it.

Then, with that same morceau of sad news, came more; the banking-house of St. Lawrence and St. Lawrence had failed; and Harry was to earn his bread when he recovered, if ever he did.

Those were sad days for Isadore Heming-way; days wherein she learned, for the first time, the real, true feelings of her heart; when the romantic affection she had permitted to overgrow the pure love, faded to an ashamed insignificance beside the one thrilling fact that she had loved Harry St. Lawrence; and, what caused her equal pain and pleasure to know, she still loved him-all the more for his misfortune.

So proud Isadore Hemingway, with a heart grown gentle from suffering, sat herself down and wrote a letter to him-to Harry, and one to Harry's mother, in both of which she begged for the bliss of being Harry's wife, and Harry's mother's daugh-

Then she waited for her answer; wondering, when she saw Dr. Will Greyson and Nell so happy together, if joy was to come to her in the morning of hope, after the long, dark night of bitter weeping.

Then, one day, when the early hoar-frost lay white under the September sunrise, came to her a summons to enter the promised land; Harry had been made well by her sweet, humbly-proud letter, and waited to call her his own; while Mrs. St. Lawrence sent her warmest kiss of love and choicest benediction.

"To be sure we will be poorer than we thought to be, Nell; but, what of that? Since these past, dreadful days, I have learned that all I want is Harry."

A bright smile—one that Isadore had of-ten seen on Nell's face of late days—was

creeping over Nell's features.

"Perhaps if you will accept a wedding present from me it may enable Harry to start where he left off.' "Preposterous, Nell! Why father himself does not own fifty thousand dollars

true, uncle Amasa might spare it, and twice as much. But, I never could ask it."

"Nor could I. Yet, despite your incredulity, Isadore, I am going to give you the charmed book of poems you refused once, when you were not so sweet and good as

now. She laid the little volume in Isadore's

hand.
"But, what has this to do with what we are talking of?"
Then Nell put her arms around her sis-

ter's neck, and told her. "Each page has an hundred-dollar bill fastened to it. There are five hundred pages, Isadore! Uncle Amasa gives that

amount to us both, dear sister, for our wedding portion." The tears were streaming down Isadore's

"I do not deserve this. Oh. Nell, I dare not think I am so blessed!" "Beyond and above this blessing, Isadore, is the sweet, humble spirit you have fought for, and gained; and Harry can not help loving you more for it than he did. The day—well, don't let us talk of it! Let us take the first train to New York, and

you shall tell the good news to Harry!"

Six months afterward, when both sisters were attired for their double wedding, and their elegant dresses bore testimony to uncle Amasa's generosity, it was with deepest joy Isadore looked out into her future, brightened by Helen's tender counsel and her own conquered weaknesses.

## Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV-CONTINUED. "Bessie! Bessie!" wailed a voice up-

"Yes, Ross, darling; I am coming, brother!" and she bounded up-stairs. A moment, and she was in the sufferer's room. 'I am here, Ross!" she exclaimed, pant-

ing, as she stood by his bedside.
"Oh! Bessie! I am so glad to see you!" said the cripple, in a low voice of bodily anguish. "I am feverish, and when I heard you on the stairs long ago, I begged you for

water, and-" "Me, on the stairs? Why, Ross-"Yes, Bessie; you seemed to be at the old

The girl started at the word chest, and stared fixedly at her brother. She had, for the time, forgotten about that chest, about the secret wealth it contained, about the

tale her father had told her.
"Oh, Ross, forgive me!" she exclaimed. 'I was not on the stairway. You have been dreaming. I saw that you were asleep, and I went out for awhile. Business of—"

"Not on the stairway! Dreaming!" and the poor fellow rubbed his eyes in a bewildered manner. "Yes, Ross; you have been dreaming. You had better take the sleeping potion left

by the doctor, for-" How do you know, Bessie, that I have been dreaming?" asked the boy, interrupt-

I know it, Ross, because you talk so singularly.' He opened his eyes, and looked toward

"I was dreaming, Bessie," he said, calmly—" dreaming that same dark dream! I saw the vision again! Ah! I forgot; I did not tell it to you. It was a black dream, sister. Listen: a dark winter night—clouds across the sky-great piles of smoke rush ing high in the air—a terrible crackling and roaring noise, sounding far and wide—only few stars peeping from the black sky! crippled boy and an old man! The boy flung— I can not tell it! 'Tis horrible! But 'twill come, Bessie; all this will come to pass, when the leaves have fallen, when the snow has whitened the lanes and fields!

Will come when the year is dead!"
"There, there, Ross! Do not talk so wildly," and Bessie laid her hand upon the bare arm of the boy. She started as if

The skin of that arm almost burned her. "You are feverish, Ross," she said, sympathizingly. "The bandage is too tight. Let me loosen it," and she leaned over him. The boy had sunk into a deep, though

troubled sleep. "Poor, poor fellow!" murmured the girl,

as her eyes filled with tears. "He is very low; his senses are wandering. Oh, Father in heaven, watch over him and preserve him! Were he to die! And Ralph so far

She sunk devoutly by the bedside, and, bowing her tear-bedewed face, prayed to Him who has promised a shelter to the shorn for strength and comfort.

This night, in the little cabin, far down on the banks of the roaring Merrimac, Nancy Hurd sat silent and motionless. She was in the little room, with the window looking out across the waste of sand-flats.

"He's away again!" she muttered. "He is away every night after her, a child, and she with her dead father lying stiff and cold in the house! Phil is a brute. But, I'll not put up with this. Philip Walshe, whatever he may say, is my husband; and, yes, I swear it! she shall pay the forfeit! When? Before the setting of a half-dozen suns! Half-dozen? Then, if Phil goes traitor on me, I'll get that pile of gold, and leave him forever!

As she spoke, she drew from her bosom a long, naked knife; she ran her horny finger along its keen edge, as a wicked smile lifted

At that instant, the outside door creaked on its hinges. Nancy concealed the knife hastily, and sinking into a chair, feigned

Black Phil entered the room. He paused as he saw Nancy quiet in the chair, and a half-pitying expression crept over his dark Walking up to the woman, he laid his

hand gently upon her shoulder.
She started, and rubbed her eyes, in well dissembled astonishment. You—you, Phil!" she said. "I am so

"You should have been in bed an hour ago," he said, unheeding her remark.

"I waited for you, Phil; I wanted to see you. Where have you been so long?"

"On my business, which is none of yours."

"Phil Walshes"

'Phil Walshe!" Yes, Nancy Hurd, I've been to see Bessie Raynor, and she says she likes me!"

The woman shook violently; but, sud-

denly rising, she left the room, without any reply As she passed into the next apartment, however, she clutched her hidden knife and

#### CHAPTER XXV.

'Her doom is sealed."

SHADOWS AND REALITIES. THE sun of another day arose upon the world. It saw a little scene of solemn hur-

ry and bustle at the humble home of the Ravnors. Bessie, though she had only slept a few hours, was up early. Then a few neighbors

dropped in. At nine o'clock a hearse drew up before the door; then came a carriage—only one. Shortly after this, a meek-faced man, in a

black suit and white cravat, entered the lowly abode with a solemn, kindly step. The undertaker, in his methodical way, had set to work with his assistant, making the last arrangements. Then he signified to the minister and to Bessie that all was

With bursting heart, the poor girl retired to her room. In a few moments she emerg-ed from it, clad in a plain suit of deep black-her pretty, pale face making a painful, yet half-sweet contrast to the dark bon-

net which surrounded it. "God strengthen me!" she murmured, as if at last her mind was made up, and turning abruptly, she entered the room of her

Ross started as his gaze fell upon Bessie, upon her sable, dreary attire; then he turned his head away. Large tears forced their way between the lids, and rolled down his

Bessie silently drew near, and placed her hand upon his brow.

'All is ready, my brother," she said, in a low, broken voice. "The hearse will move in a few minutes. I must go now. are again better, and can rest quietly until I come back. God bless you, my brother!" and she stooped and pressed a kiss upon his

bloodless lips.
"Oh, Bessie! Bessie! can I not look on his face again? Oh! can I not look upon my father again?" and his voice wailed sadly in the room.

A deep sob burst from Bessie Raynor's bosom. She could not restrain it.
"No, Ross," she answered; "it would not be safe to move you. God knows, my brother-' "Enough, Bessie; I am resigned. Go."

"I'll kiss his cold, dead lips for you, brother. Oh! Heaven stand by me!" As she uttered these words, she leaned down again and kissed him tenderly and as if loth to leave him. Then tearing herself away, she rushed from the room.

At the bottom of the stairs, as she stood

in the midst of the little silent company of five or six who had assembled, her gaze rested upon two new-comers. Black Phil, dressed in his best attire, stood there; near him and to the rear, his face sad and solemn, and his eyes red with

tears, which, despite his manhood, would flow, was Lorin Gray. Both men simultaneously strode forward. At that moment, the undertaker whispered softly in Bessie's ear that the time had

come when she must take her last look at Tremblingly she turned to the two men, and, as Lorin held his hand to her, she wheeled abruptly from him, and slipped her arm within Black Phil's, and they moved

away toward the coffin. Crushed, astounded, scarcely believing his senses, Lorin Gray clutched at a chair All eyes were upon him, and it required all his sternest resolution to recover himself.

Then the last look was taken; and, still leaning on the arm of Black Phil, and preceded by the minister, Bessie walked out to

Recovering from his stupor, Lorin Gray suddenly strode through the room and out into the street.

In a moment he stood by Bessie at the carriage-door.

"Bessie! Bessie!" he whispered, in a voice of agony, "I am your friend. Tell me, what does all this mean? I—"
She turned toward him and held up her hand, thus interrupting him. But she spoke no word. Then, with quiet dignity, she ascended to the carriage, aided by Black Phil and the minister. The clergyman fol-

Phil and the minister. The clergyman followed; then Black Phil.

As the latter entered, his face was lit up by a diabolical sneer of triumph, and his eyes blazed defiantly at Lorin Gray.



The coffin was borne solemnly forth and deposited in the hearse. Then the little procession moved softly off.

Lorin Gray's bosom heaved; his face paled, and he strode away at a headlong pace.

The hearse and the single accompanying carriage wound their way along Newburg street until they reached Methwen. Into this they turned.

As the carriage reached Appleton street, a coarsely-clad woman standing on the corner started and gazed into it at the occupants. With a low exclamation of anger, she turned and strode back to Canal street.

The cemetery was reached. Then, after some delay, the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the minister, in solemn tones,

committed the "dust to dust."

Then all was over, and Bessie Raynor felt that almost all light had gone out from

After having seen the carriage and those who rode in it to Silas Raynor's funeral, Nancy Hurd-for she it was-turned up Canal street, and, in a few moments, paused by the front door of the Raynor home. She glanced around her. Nobody was observing her.

She tried the door-knob; it yielded. A moment, and she was inside. She paused and listened. Then a faint voice wailed down stairs

from above: "Who's there?" Nancy Hurd did not answer, but turned to the staircase, and strode boldly up. A moment, and she stood in the room of the

Ross started, and looked at her with great wondering eyes. But then, a pleasant expression settled on his thin, wan face, and

"Ah! Nancy, is it you? How kind in you!" and he held his unhurt hand toward

The change which came into the woman's face was remarkable. A softness—a real yearning, motherly expression was there, as she walked to the bed, and took his wasted hand in hers. Then she bent over him, and a tear came to her eye.

"Poor Ross!" she murmured, "I am sorry you are hurt. I was coming by, and concluded to stop in and see you. But, is Bessie in her room?"

'No, Bessie has gone to—to the funeral, and the poor fellow broke down.
"Ah! I thought I heard her in the room

"No, Nancy; and since I've been wounded, she stays in the room here—through this door. She wants to be near me."

Nancy started. Ross had told her what she wanted to know.

"I simply came, my poor fellow," she said, "to say how d'ye do, and to bring this She drew from beneath her apron a

"Thank you, Nancy. May God bless you for your kindess to me."
"Good-by, Ross," she said, after a pause,

and she held her hand to him.

He took it, and held it some moments as if loth to let it go. The woman noticed this act of affection,

and as tears came into her eyes again, she leaned over him, and kissed him tenderly. Then she turned suddenly, wrenched her hand rather rudely from his thin fingers, and left the apartment.

At a later hour, when Bessie Raynor re-

turned from her sad trip to the desolate cemetery, she started as she alighted from the carriage in front of her humble home; for, just as she had thanked Black Phil for his kindness, she chanced to glance toward the adjacent street-corner.

She saw there a form she could not mistake—a bowed, though manly, form, with a sad, ghastly face. A moment, however, and it had gone. Bessie Raynor knew it was Lorin Gray,

and, do what she could, as she caught sight of his bended, woebegone figure, and of his sad, reproaching face, she could not prevent the flutter in her bosom, and the aching of her heart.

Then, as the carriage rolled away, without further notice of Black Phil, who also had alighted, Bessie ran quickly into the

And Lorin Gray, who, with bated breath, had watched the scene-who, untiringly, had waited for her return, straggled away. with a heavy load weighing him down The day passed slowly.

A terrible desolation settled upon Bessie and, in the silence of the sick-chamber which was disturbed by no sound save the hard, short breathing of the wounded boy, she bowed her head again and prayed to God for help.

Ross Raynor slent soundly Bessie arose, leaned over him, and gently kissed his brow. Then she withdrew through the open door to the adjoining In ten minutes, she was asleep-sleeping

a deep, but disordered slumber. The night wore on Suddenly, Ross Raynor awoke with a start. A smothered voice had broken upon

his ear and aroused him. He slowly turned his head. The light in the lamp was still burning

brightly. Then the cripple saw a sight which, for a moment, froze his blood and struck him dumb.

#### CHAPTER XXVI. MOTHER MOLL.

Ross Raynor strove to speak; but, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not find utterance. He held his

A fearful tableau was revealed to the Bessie Raynor was lying on her bed, in the room next her brother's, while above her towered the brawny form of a woman. In the hand of that woman a long, keen-

edged knife was glittering. Ross Raynor uttered a low groan and hid his face. Then, as with a giant's strength, forgetful of his state of weakness, of his prostrated form, of his broken arm, he sprung from bed and rushed into the other

With a low howl of rage, the fiend turned. She saw who had stood between her and murder. She sprung upon him, clutched him by the throat, and bore him backward into his own room, pulling the door

Spare me, spare me, Nancy! Oh!-" "Ha! 'tis you, Ross," and the woman suddenly released her hold and glared at

Yes, Nancy, 'tis I. Oh! do not murder me, do not harm my sister, she has never

"Never harmed me!" she hissed, in a low, deep voice; "why, boy, she has come between me and my husband. She has stolen his love from me, and, by heavens! she shall die!"

She suddenly turned and strode back to-

ward the door. But the same puny hand again held her back.

"Nancy, Nancy," whispered the boy,
"Bessie has not done what you say! Oh,
believe me, Nancy!" and he stole his unwounded arm softly around the woman's
neck, and lifted his big, bright, melanchely neck, and litted his big, bright, melancholy eyes to hers. "Nancy," he continued, "I know you love me, and, I know not why, I do love you, Nancy, though people say you are wicked. Oh! Nancy, we are only two, my sister and I; my brother, Ralph, is far away. Sometimes I think he'll never come back. Nancy, be kind to me, yet, and spare Bessie," and he bowed his head on her broad bosom and went silently.

her broad bosom and wept silently.

It was a strange light that beamed over that hardened woman's face of bronze; it was a strange fire which gleamed in her eyes; it was not a wicked or a vengeful fire. Then, that fire was dimmed, extinguished, for a tear had sprung there and hid the

sparkle. A wild shudder swept over her frame; she stretched out her hand which held the fatal knife, the fingers relaxed, the weapon fell, and quivered on its well-tempered blade, as it pierced the hard boards of the

floor Silently clasping the frail form of the boy, who clung to her, she murmured, in his

"You have conquered me, Ross! You have driven back the wild, dark blood which was filling my brain and nerving my hand for a hellish deed! You have crept into my heart and made me feel that I am a woman again! Oh! Ross, had I had kind words oftener whispered in my ears, had I had gentle treatment, I would not be the evil-faced, wicked Nancy that I am. I was not always so. I can remember long ago, when— But, 'tis an old tale, Ross, an idle tale. I'll not tell it to you, now. I must be

She softly took away her arms, released his single one from her neck, and then, stooping, lifted him gently to the bed.

"Now, Ross," she said, "go to sleep again. Your sister is safe. I swear it. For your sake, I spare her. As for me, poor black-hearted Nancy, I'll suffer on in silence, I'll bear my burden, as best I may. But, Ross, promise me that you'll say nothing of this. There may be time left for me yet, to do better, to do some good. Promise me, Ross, and I'll begone.

She looked at him with her tear-bedewed face, and her eyes seemed to plead with him

"I promise, I promise, dear Nancy! May God bless you! And Nancy, I know you will not care, I will pray to Him, that He may lighten your load, that He may bless

The woman gazed at his wan face, now lighted up with enthusiasm; she leaned down and imprinted a warm, passionate kiss upon his forehead. Then, seizing the

Bessie had slept unconsciously through

The next afternoon, or rather evening, for the mill had disgorged its living burden and sent them forth to breathe the fresh air, Lorin Gray strode across the eastern bridge and turned into the Andover road. A cloud was upon his brow, and with eyes fastened on the boards at his feet, he continued his way. Dark thoughts were filling his mind and racking his brain.

"And Bessie, to fling me aside," he mut-tered, "for that dark-browed villain, for that man whom her father hated, who would have murdered her brother, who has a wife, deny it as he may. Oh! heavens! and she a child! But—"

He paused, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "Have I been true? Have I loved Bessie and Minerva, both? Do I love them both? Can I be true to both Have I not told my love to Minerva! Oh! God, I have, indeed, been cruel—cruel to

"But, I must hurry on. My poor old mother, I have neglected her, I have put her from my memory. But, to-night I'll see her and will make amends. Poor old mo-

ther, and she loves me so!" Night had now fallen, but Lorin Gray, looking neither to the right nor the left.

In a plainly, but comfortably furnished room of a small, unpretending house, nestled in the woods on the Andover road, some three miles from Lawrence, sat an old woman—a strange, mysterious-looking woman. She was nearly seventy years of age, and her long, white hair smoothed softly away from her forehead fell, unrestrainedly in a snow-white mass upon her rounded age-bent shoulders. But the face, though wrinkled and tanned, scarred and seamed as it was, in the long battle of life, was kind and wondrously fresh. Her eyes sparkled and flashed as she hummed an old-time distich and gazed around her.

She was clad in a manner that betokened she was fair-to-do in a worldly way, or, had some kind relative to care for her and her wants in her old age

A fire burned brightly in the stove; on that stove a plain supper was cooking. The windows were up and the doors were open for, in addition to the heat of the weather the stove rendered the room uncomfortably warm and stifling.

This old woman's name was Mary Gray but she was commonly called Mother Moll Singular powers were attributed to her by lowly people, and by some who belonged to the higher walks of life. It was asserted that she had the power of divination, of telling of the past, and of unvailing the fu-Some called her witch, others spirit; but Mother Moll unpretendingly. ture. yet boldly, designated herself a fortune-teller. One thing is certain, it was by this calling that she had made her bread in her younger

Certain it is, too, that Mother Moll, if hearsay and authority were to be believed, had performed some wonders, almost passing credence.

he was the woman whom Lorin Gray called mother; yet she was not his mother in the flesh, and the young man knew it; but Mother Moll stood to him as such, having reared him and taken care of him from an uncertain, yet a very early age. She had fed him; had educated him as he grew up in the city of New York, and had pro-cured a situation for him in the great metrocured a situation for him in the great metropolis. But, the young man longed again for home scenes, longed for her whom he called mother, and without her bidding he had returned, a fine, handsome fellow. Without her knowledge, he had brained

work in the Pemberton Mill: the fortuneteller, while she frowned slightly, had wel-

comed him back with open arms.

This happened a number of years before

the commencement of our story.

To-night she sat with her hands folded across her bosom and gazed, sometimes, out of the open door into the darkness of the gathering night; sometimes at the cheery glow of the stove, with the old-fashioned black tea-pot simmering thereon. As she gazed, the contented, happy look gradually faded from her countenance and an expression of brooding, foreboding anxiety took its place. Then she leaned her head softly down and bent her old eyes, in a stare, on

the floor. "I have not read the stars!" she murmured. "I have not burned the black hellebore; I have not buried the deadly night shade in vain! A vision rises before me! oh! ye unseen powers! A terrible vision of flood and flame, of crushed men and women, of roasted children and gray-haired old men! And, my noble Lorin! Oh! heaven, the picture is dim! But, he struggles through it! And now, Bessie Raynor, now, proud Minerva Ames— Ha!" She paused suddenly, lifted her hand, and gazed

toward the door.

A tall, manly form was standing there, silently, solemnly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 73)

## The Ocean Girl: THE BOY BUCCANEER

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST, AUTHOR OF " CRUISER CRUSOE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ABOARD THE DUKE OF KENT. WE must now introduce those upon whom Captain Joseph Gantling intended to carry out his designs, the nefariousness of which Edward Drake scarcely understood. However manly his feelings and emotions he was but a boy, and hardly able to realize the abominable intentions of the buccaneer toward the crew and passengers of the Duke of Kent.

This was a splendid vessel, built for the Indian trade, and about to be sent out part-ly on special service—that is, with an amount of valuable treasure on board, which as far as people in general knew, might have been a cargo of black diamonds from Newcastle, and partly to convey to India certain important passengers and public functionaries, who objected to the delays and wearisome life attendant on a convoyed fleet, when good sailers are compelled to wait for the merest crawling butter-tub.

The Duke of Kent was a large vessel well armed, powerfully manned, and in every way fitted out with a view to the comfort of its passengers, as well as their defense. It was war time; but a large and well provided Indiaman considered itself good enough for most French frigates, so that on this point little emotion was felt.

What, then, had such a vessel to fear from a brigantine which, however rapid a sailer, however well equipped a buccanee. must succumb to the mere weight of meta of so large an opponent? But the government, in dispatching a royal cruiser in search of the Ocean Girl, did not even think of the Indiaman. Captain Gantling was never very verbose, but to his crew he always silent. The deserter knew nothing of the buccaneer's intentions, and could only report his presence in the estuary of the Thames.

As for the six men who had been so Kent, they were all able seamen, discharged as appeared by the buccaneer, at their own wish, after serving several years. None on board the Ocean Girl expected that their fellows had been detached, at double wages upon a desperate enterprise.

It was the day after the slight encounter between his Majesty's sloop Thunder and the Ocean Girl that the Indiaman prepared to take her departure. The sailing of a large ship was not then such an every-day matter as it is now, so that the wharves were crowded with boys and other idlers to watch its progress, while the vessel was not itself free from incumbrances, such as friends and relatives of passengers are always thought when they are in the way of captain or crew. Even the seamen them selves ran in every possible direction but the right one, until at last, when the huge fabric was hauled into the stream, there were clear

decks and an orderly ship's company.

The wind was fair, and as even the most delicate could not be supposed to feel the hideous mal de mer before Gravesend, the poop and quarter-deck were crowded by ssengers, chiefly military, naval and civi officers, their wives, and, in some instance their children; while about a dozen cadets and as many young ladies stood, the former in listless conversation, the latter collected round their chaperones, or, as Jack said, "the chickens crept close up to the oldhens, as if there had been hawks aboard."

In this way the voyage commenced, the ship being now wholly under the command of the pilot, though the worthy skipper Captain Fred. Dunbar, never kept his eye off her head, the navigation of so large a vessel in a crowded and tortuous river being a matter of serious consideration.

In this way, having started easily, they got to Gravesend in one tide, and then an chored until the turn, when they proceeded by moonlight, and finally took up a position right in the mouth of the Thames, about a mile to the N. E. of where the daring buc-

The next day, at early dawn, the Indiaman took her final departure, running to the eastward until clear of all the banks and dangers which surround the mouth of old father Thames. The wind by this time was light and uncertain, with occasional puffs, so that good watch was kept, the more that two hours in the afternoon watch it became overcast and foggy. The huge vessel now forged slowly ahead, the captain by no means desiring to commence a voy age by a collision, or to allow an enemy'

vessel to creep upon him unawares. The passengers still kept the deck, as during the day the sea had every moment been getting smoother, and the wind less

In an elevated position, that enabled her to command a view of a circumscribed circle, stood a young lady, who might have been twelve, or who might have been fourteen, but who, no matter what was her age was excessively pretty, wore charming gold-en curls, a Leghorn straw hat, and never seemed happier than when prattling to a

stout, florid, handsome man of nearly sixty, whom she addressed by the name of "Pa," and who, from his dress, bluff manner, and, above all, honest and fearless countenance, any man of penetration would have taken for a British sailor, which he was, being no less a personage than the admiral sent out

to relieve one invalided home. "Is this the way we are going to travel, pa?" she said, we verily believe for the twentieth time, which, considering she was the only child of a widower, brought her no

rebuke, but a patient answer.
"You know, my dear, that we can not command the weather," replied the admiral, "To-morrow, perhaps, we may go quicker than you could wish."
"Father!" suddenly exclaimed the girl,

'what light is that yonder, nearly in front of us?" "Eh-what!" cried the officer, rising.

The girl pointed to where a light was rocking on the water, in a somewhat unnatural and rapid manner. "Some coble or other at anchor. Cap-

"Admiral!" replied the skipper, stepping forward, and looking in the direction of the light.
"Why, what on earth can the fellow be

tain!"

doing there?" said the captain, who gave at the same time a whispered order to the man at the wheel, "He can't be at anchor, nor does it appear a vessel lying-to."

They were now within about fifty feet of the light, at which everybody was look-ing with some anxiety and curiosity. There was scarcely a breath of wind; the huge Indiaman surged but slowly forward, and not a word was spoken.

"Ship ahoy!" said a feeble voice.

In an instant, at a sign from the captain, the helm was put down, and the vessel hove aback. A boat was then put out with all the precision and rapidity of a man-of-war. Six men rowed, while one of the mates steered. The huge vessel now stood still, except a slight sidling motion, and the boat disappeared in the gloom.

Nothing could have been more opportune for the captain of the Ocean Girl than the fog, which kept silently rolling down upor him, to turn day as it were into night, and to render the sea upon which he sailed one of the most dangerous in the world. Usually, nothing is more abhorrent to the feelings of a sailor, especially on a dangerous coast than one of those remorseless clouds of vapor, which wrap him round in darkness, hiding from him rocks, light-houses, cliffs, and even the companion ship, that may be sailing within twenty yards in fancied se-

But now the event was all-important, and the buccaneer, without even reducing sail, which, under the circumstances, would have been the act of a prudent man, kept on his course for several hours, until he thought he might safely change his course, which he did, boldly heading for the Thames once more. The tack was changed, and scarcely was the sheeting home, when, sharp upon a wind, the Ocean Girl cut through the head sea, as with a knife. She was a beautiful sight always; but now she was like a bird that was frightened, and had spread her

wings in flight. Toward evening, the fog still continuing. and the coast of England being in almost dangerous proximity, Captain Gantling de-termined to lie to. This was done, and most rigid watch kept. For some time there was, despite the wind, a heavier fog than ever, cold, damp and yellow; but soon after the sun had set blood-red or angry the vapor lifted.

The night was very dark, but with their glasses the captain and his chief officer swept the horizon from the deck, while Edan aloft, and did the same there

Be-low!

"What is it?" "Here she comes with the wind," roared

Edward, and came down by the run.
In an instant all hands were making sail even royals and sky-sails fore and aft, and before twenty minutes, the studding sails were set; but still the royal cruiser, which had been at anchor on the tail of the sands. csme down upon them head over head. Captain Gantling swore a round oath

and then gave orders to his lieutenant, who at once bade the men pass the buckets up to one watch aloft to wet the sails. buckets were whipped up to the mast-head, and this maneuver was continued until a drizzling rain came on and rendered it un-necessary. It was pitch dark, without a moon; every light was put out, even the binnacle lamp, and a star being chosen as a guide, the schooner was steered by it. Be fore dawn the cruiser was hull down, and the fog, as often happens, an hour after became as thick as ever.

The buccaneer now headed once more for the coast of England, as near as he could in the direction of Deal or Dover, and kept on at a slow and steady pace, reefed topsails and bare yards aloft, until a dip of the lead told him he was nearly on the track of out-ward-bound vessels. The fog now was, as ward-bound vessels. The fog now was, as the sailors say, fit to be cut with a knife, and it was necessary to be wary. The brig was put head to wind, with the foresail aback, after which Edward Drake and Captain Gantling held a conference, which, however, referring to matters already decided upon, did not take up much time.

The long-boat was put out, and in it was

placed a couple of stout, air-tight casks, some planks and a pole, with two large ship lanterns. As they advanced, the barrels were lashed together, the planks nailed on top, and when about two hundred feet from the brig, was cast adrift, with an anchor attached, which soon brought up this singular buoy with a round turn. The pole with the lighted lanterns was then erected firmly, and the trick was ready to be

Edward, in the jacket and trowsers of a ship boy, now clambered on the singular craft, and was there left, his arm round the pole, looking very far from the miserable being he ought to have been under the peculiar and painful circumstances of the case. He had a knife, a stone jar of beer, and some bread and meat, upon which, as the long-boat moved away, he commenced

an attack. I hope, now," said Gantling, with a grin, 'you are well armed at all points. Drop anchor and keep watch."

Av, av! And thus these two parted, never to meet again, until-but we must not divulge the secrets of the prison-house until our narra-

Edward ate his bread and beef, drank his beer, and then crouched upon the tossing raft, rather impatient to be removed, as the berth was neither comfortable nor safe. Had there been a heavy sea on, he must at tunes and the hopes of our young hero.

once have been washed overboard, but as it was, the vessel rose and fell with the motion of the billows.

Hark! What sound is that?

There is no other like it, and Edward knows it; it is the swash of the salt sea waves under the bows of a vessel coming down upon him; there she looms in the fog -full sail upon the deceptive light upon the treacherous buoy,

"What ship is that?" roared a hoarse voice, "Answer, or I'll blow you out of water. Answer, I say!"

Ned saw the bows, saw them sheer round,

as when a ship prepares a broadside.
Utterly bewildered at this singular turn in his fortunes, he rose to his feet, gave one despairing cry, and plunged into the boiling waters, just as the roar of the cannonade was thundering through the air.

#### CHAPTER V. "COME ON BOARD, SIP."

WHEN Ned Drake plunged headlong into when Ned Drake plunged headlong into the water, just as the swash of the sloop was heard through the fog, it was with a perfect conviction that there was no other way of saving his life. His reasoning faculties had been sufficiently sharpened by his peculiar and somewhat dangerous course of ife, to make him aware that the trick they would have played upon the Indiaman had recoiled on themselves, and that the enemy they so much dreaded had discovered the whereabouts of the smuggler, instead of their enticing the Indiaman into their

But for the moment every other consideration vanished before that of escaping scot free. Edward was, as every other youth, no matter what his occupation, should be, an excellent swimmer. He reveled in water like a dog, and never was more happy than when floundering about, or practicing all those efforts of the art which are to be acquired only by practice. In the present instance, the young officer of the buccaneer craft dived, coming up only to the surface when imperiously called to it from want of air, of which having breathed sufficient for his purpose, he went down

At length, however, feeling exhausted, he ventured to remain on the surface, and look around in search both of the raft to which he had clung, and the sloop which had fired a broadside at it. But not a trace of either was to be seen. Edward Drake was alone on the water, with nothing but his physical powers to promise him immunity from

But the youth, without once giving way to despair, knew well enough that however long and protracted the struggle might be, the end must be the same—an ocean grave. The distance from land was beyond the means of any ordinary swimmer, as, though savages, born and bred, as it were, on the water, have been known to struggle on for days, no such hope could he entertain. Be-sides, he neither knew which way was the shore, nor which way was the open sea, to which it might be wiser to make than the land, in the hope of being picked up by homeward or outward bound vessels.

Under any circumstances, however, the

chances were formidably against him, and it required a stouter heart than is possessed by many boys of his age to enable him to struggle at all, when by merely raising his arms in the act of clasping them, he might have sunk to rise no more. Ned Drake, however, calmly took every precaution, kept his arms down in the water, and, without losing his presence of mind, began to reflect as to

the wisest course to be adopted.

He looked about for the sun, but that ludense and drizzling fog which enveloped all

But hark! is not that the sea washing against some solid substance close at hand? Certainly, and there it looms high and black. It is the sloop once more under easy sail, returning on its way to discover the mystery of its broadside against a vessel which, ere the echoes had died away, had vanished into thin air. As the sails could be made out in the fog, Drake saw that she was lying-to,

and drifting with the tide.

"It's very strange," said a voice, so near that Edward quite started, "how she got away. Surely, she could not have sunk "I hope not, for there's an end of the prize-money. If we could only pick up a bit of the wreck, or save a sailor, we might

learn something; but, egad, it was like a scene in a pantomine. Well, we must wait till this cursed fog clears up, when the matter may be cleared up too. Haul aft the main-sheet." At this critical moment, when the sloop was about to get under way again, Ned had clutched a rope which hung from the gang-way, and by which officers held when asway, and by which officers field which as cending to the deck, and by means of this was about to climb up, when his quick eye caught sight of something a little astern, which awakened in his bosom both a sense

of hope and thoughts of the mission he had undertaken. Without an instant's hesita-tion he dropped into the water, and, strik-ing out, was a moment later clambering on to his raft, the cause of so much bewilder-ment to his majesty's dutiful servants. The raft, however, was in somewhat of a pitiable state. The wooden bucket, in which his provisions had been placed, was upset; his grog was spilt the lashings were ose—so that, in case of the slighest squall,

cast into the sea at the mercy of wind and There was another misfortune. His lamps appeared to have suffered severely from the collision, having been put out, and, in all probability, the oil spilt. Without these could be relighted, all hope of being taken off by either buccaneer or Indiaman was at

all must go to pieces, and he be once more

With a trembling and anxious heart, Ned Drake lowered the lanterns by means of a pulley and rope, and putting them on his tiny deck, examined them carefully.

They were not much damaged, the lights having been extinguished rather by the violence of what the French call roulis than by any actual contact with the enemy's vessel, which, indeed, though passing almost over the decoy—by which means it remained unseen—had not been struck.

Ned Drake would not have been a sailor boy if in the ample pockets of his trowsers there had not been a knife, tinderbox, and matches, by means of which, in a very few minutes, he had trimmed and relighted his signal-lamps, which were then hoisted to the mast-head of the peculiar little craft, which now supported the for-



Gladly would he, after his swim, have renovated his body by means of some of those creature comforts which had originally been provided him, but this was impossible; his bread and meat were, no doubt, within the all-devouring maw of some monster of the deep, while his beer and rum were so commingled with the briny ocean, that not the ablest chemist that ever taught an admiring audience could have traced its pre-

There was nothing then left for him but to bend to circumstances, and wait upon that precarious tub-supported deck for such fortune as awaited him—capture by the sloop of war, safety from the buccaneer, or success and good luck on board the Indiaman and treasure ship. The reflections made the young sailor think somewhat seriously of other things; and it seemed to strike him, in that hour of peril and doubt, that perhaps the enterprise more which he that perhaps the enterprise upon which he had started was not either the most honorable or the most proper upon which a youth might be engaged.

But then, said sophistry, what has society, or government, or the good people done to me that I should, having fallen into the hands of a contraband dealer, think much of what I am about to do to them? He fancied that there could be no life more delightful to a youth of high spirit and mighty resolves than that of a buccaneer, a skim-mer of the ocean, who only differed from the legalized privateers that swarmed on every sea, in wanting a commission from the king, a formality which, while dispensing them from control, left them to roam where they would, and act as beseemed

Visions, too, of that island, rich with hopeful fruits, where eternal summer reigned, and where they were to rule as monarchs with an indistinct notion of the importance of cherry lips and flashing eyes to the sum total of human happiness, passed through his mind, it is true, in an odd, dream-like way, but still sufficiently to influence one to whom the ideal of happiness was hither-to action, plenty of fighting, and plunder, with something of physical gratification in

Thinking thus deeply, there fell a greater gloom upon the scene, and to the thick darkness of the fog was superadded the cloak of night. Ned Drake began to shiver, and to fancy too that he had entered upon a lane which had no turning. Luckily, as yet there was no sea on, though there was a bit of a breeze which, with the tide, made the raft bob up and down with an uneasy but by no means dangerous motion. Which was the tide was running it was imposway the tide was running it was impossible to say, though that it was moving fast could be made out by the constant wash of the water.

Trifle as it may appear to those on shore, who, unless utterly without means, have something always at hand to eat, Ned was getting hungry and faint, so that he knew the moment the sea rose, he should be powerless to hold on. This was terrible, especially as the Indiaman and all other vessels appeared to have resolved themselves into phantoms. Even the buccaneer had deserted him, though he had believed Captain Gantling would make a push to find out what had been his fate.

It was in reality a fearful position, and Edward began to feel his head getting dizzy, and his senses gradually leaving him when a sound familiar, and not more fami liar than welcome, reached his ears. It was his last chance, however, for he felt keenly that if this failed him, he must yield to the terrible impulse to sleep which was coming upon him, and then die.

The noise was that of a heavy body—a

large vessel, as a matter of course-forcing its way slowly through the water against the

It was at no great distance, and if any proper look-out were kept, as a natural conence his bobbing lights would be seen Still he would not wholly trust to that, so, raising his voice, he halled the passing sound. For some minutes no reply came, and then it was wafted on the breeze, through a ship's trumpet, indistinct and muffled—Who calls?

Ship ahoy-boy adrift!" he replied Some hoarse answer was made, and then he heard the well-known and welcome sound of a boat being hoisted and lowered Next minute it was in sight, dashing right at him, with the huge bulk of the Indiaman looming up behind.

"Where away?" says one.
"This way, mates," replied Ned, who was now roused by hope.

But the men now saw the lights, and bore down upon him. Very few minutes elapsed ere he was hauled on board.

"My eye," said one of the men, "if it in't same authority.

ain't some outlandish reefer. Where do you hail from, eh?" British Channel, just now," replied Ned, "faint, tired, and hungry; so pull away, and don't talk."

Cuss my eyes, Bob," remarked one "when this young bear comes for'ard, with old blue shirt on and a Scotch cap, we shall make him pay his footin' for his im-

With these words they reached the side, where the men ascended, Ned, from force of habit, remaining last, as claiming the highest rank. He then clambered on deck, to the crowd who were surveying him with eager eyes, caught sight of a naval uniform,

and spoke. Come on board, sir," he said, and fainted.

#### CHAPTER VI.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Now, if Ned Drake had been the most artful boy in all creation, this way of speaking, just as if he had been on duty, and had returned to report himself, following the said dramatic tableau by a second, that of fainting, he could not have insured for himself a better reception. All inquiries were thus stopped, and all idea of sending him ashore before they left the channel was adourned, until the skipper was able to judge if he could bear it.

When Ned came too, he was far better off than he deserved to be, for he was lying on a couch in the ship's best cabin, with a pretty girl bathing his forehead with aromatic vinegar, and a stout, portly gentle-man, in undress naval uniform, looking on.

A servant was preparing tea very quietly. Ned looked round with a dreamy stare, and then pointed to a water-bottle, as if he was faint, but the little girl handed him a

glass of wine, which he drank hurriedly. And now, my lad," said the stout gentleman, cheerily, "have some tea, and then, perhaps, you will tell us what you were doing off the Goodwin Sands on a couple of old water casks.'

"Sir Stephen! Lco!" he cried, and then

fell back, muttering to himself, "The Lord have mercy on my wicked soul."

The little girl clapped her hands, laughed,

and then gave him her hand to rise.
"Didn't I say it was Edward Drake?" she continued, as, pale, ghastly, and scarcely able to stand, the young buccaneer allowed himself to be placed at the table, where, glad to avoid questioning, he appeared to devote himself wholly to the business of the moment.

The plot of Captain Gantling, his evil intentions to the ship, his allusion to an enemy—and he was aware the pirate disliked, if he did not hate, Sir Stephen Rawdon—flashed through his mind with lightning-like rapidity; but there came staring him in the face, at the same moment, certain fatal words.

"On your solemn word, under no circumstances, will you reveal what I shall say?"
"I thought Loo must be mistaken," said Sir Rawdon, kindly, when he saw that our hero was mending a little, "but now I be-

gin to know my old pupil again. Egad, sir, it was a queer way to come on board."

"It was, sir," replied Ned, sadly; "and the best thing you can do is to throw me

overboard again."
"Why?" said Sir Stephen, while Loo
opened her great eyes and stared. "Because you know the character of the craft to which I belong—to which I belong—ed," he added, with heartfelt emotion, "and which, if Providence offers me but a coal barge in place of it, I will leave."

"Is not Cantain Cantling your father?"

"Is not Captain Gantling your father?"
"I hope not, sir," said Ned, "though he has been very kind to me; but something tells me he is not my father. But I was going to say, I was put there to serve one of his numoses and I have given a promise. his purposes, and I have given a promise not to explain."

"Well—well—my good lad, you need say

no more. I am going out to take the command of the Indian fleet, and if you really desire to abandon the unlawful course you have hitherto followed, why, I will take you as a midshipman myself—so say nothing about the spruggler on board. Leave all about the smuggler on board. Leave all

about the smuggler on board. Leave all explanations to me."

"You are very kind, sir."

"Not at all. Loo, here, always liked you—you are her pet; so, as you have need of rest, stay with her. I will speak to the captain. When you are tired, there is a berth there ready for you."

Ned Drake remained with Loo, quite bewildered, for though at any other time he would have delighted in the prattle of his old friend and favorite, Louisa Rawdon, vet

old friend and favorite, Louisa Rawdon, yet now his thoughts were far away; and, pleading fatigue and exhaustion, he was soon glad to avail himself of the offer of the admiral, and retire to a state-room, there to

adminal, and retire to a state-room, after to give free scope to his pent-up feelings. All his desires for an adventurous life— all his dreams for avenging his supposed fa-ther's wrongs—all his fantastic visions of a lovely island, covered by exquisite verdure, and peopled by dusky angels, with a royalty in perspective, had vanished before the kind-ness shown him, not so much by Sir Stephen

ness shown him, not so much by Sir Stephen as that manifested by little Loo, his playfellow and companion for three happy years.

A dozen trifling circumstances now darted across the tablet of his memory, one of which, in particular, was a revelation. When Captain Gantling found that his adopted son—he never claimed him as more—had been kindly treated, housed, and educated by the temporarily retired admiral his. cated by the temporarily retired admiral, his rage at first knew no bounds. As soon as rage at first knew no bounds. As soon as he got his youthful charge away, and discovered how he had been used, he at first, while cursing Sir Stephen heartily, added: "Well, he had but the right to, anyway; but I've a rod in pickle for the old curmudgeon he little suspects. But I must wait." on he little su ects. But I must wait

But now Ned Drake was a man in feeling, and determined, whatever happened, to be no mere tool in the hands even of one of whom he personally had no complaint to make, and whom, therefore, he would not At the same time he was resolved. unless the buccaneer showed some legal right to detain him, to leave him, but to leave him openly, and in a way that became a sailor. How this was to be done he could not say, though he shrewdly suspected the Ocean Girl would not be long in giving him the opportunity.

would then tell him his determination to defend Loo at the peril of his life, and if he would not abandon his designs, consider nimself absolved from the fearful oath which hung now with such a leaden weight on his spirits. It was difficult for him to explain the sudden revulsion of feeling which the sight of the playfellow of his happy youth had brought about, but the

act was patent to his heart.

Even Captain Gantling had educated his motege to tell the truth, and his three years residence under a clergyman's tuition had fixed this one great cardinal virtue on his mind. He could not, therefore, reveal that which he was pledged not to tell, but he was resolved to foil whatever might be the evil intentions of the buccaneer toward Sir Stephen and Loo, for he was now certain that this was the man of whom he spoke as

As to the treasure the ship contained hat he cared nothing about. His education had taught him to consider it a matter of eleverness to outwit the Government, nor was he likely in those days on Sheppey Island to learn any very different notions. He would confine himself, therefore, to saving human life, and let every thing else take its course, though how he was to act in any case, without putting his new friends on

their guard, he could not tell. But no matter what he risked, were it his body or his soul, he would not have the fa-

ther of little Loo injured. With this resolution firm in his head, he went to sleep, to dream uneasily, but length to awake refreshed and resolute. He found when he rose some clean things, which the admiral had provided, and which his purse had easily commanded from the cadets, midshipmen, and merchant reefers When, therefore, he appeared at breakfast, it was in a span-new blue jacket and anchor buttons, a cap with a gold band, and white duck trowsers, which nondescript

uniform became him well. Very little allusion was made to the events which had brought our hero on board, but the conversation turned very much on the lad's early life, of which, however, the young buccaneer knew very little. The smuggler chief had often asserted that Ned was not his son, even alluding with much earnestness to the fact, though would often say he was all the more bound

to protect him. Except those parts he had visited in the free-trader-in war times less looked down upon than now-he knew no land but Shep-

"I feel as if there I had taken root and grown," he said, with a smile. "Even old Meg of the Red Cow, who brought me up to seven years, is in my mind but a part of the island."

'You never had an inkling of your origin, your parents, whence you came, or any thing of that kind?" asked Sir Stephen. "Never," replied Ned, and then he faltered, "except once, a strange and unac-

countable assertion."

"Speak it, boy. You have strangely come under my care, and I will do every thing in my power to serve you."

Ned Drake then related that on board the swingely was one District, a sailor who

smuggler was one Dirtrick, a sailor who had always been a favorite of his, and who returned the liking. When he was younger, this man was fond of telling long-winded yarns to the youth, which often turned upon persons unlawfully deprived of their position and fortune.

their position and fortune.

"Ah, Ned," he would say, "there's many folk in this world as sails under false colors. I know some as might have to haul down their flag if you had your rights; but all in good time; he knows—he knows"—and he would point to the skipper—"but don't say a word as I said so, or, Master Ned, he'll

cut my throat."
"Master Edward Drake," said Sir Ste phen Rawdon, with much feeling, as he shook his head, "we must find this Dirtrick, and we'll make him tell what he means. We'll find a father for you, and in the mean time, why, I'll be a father to you, so come on deck, and show yourself with

And this was the man the young buccaneer had leagued himself with pirates to capture and destroy.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 79.)

## Betrayed.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE fair land of Mexico, the Eldorado of the West. The land slept in beauty. In the distance rose the towers of the city of Monterey, and the chime of bells mingled with the lowing of cattle and the voices of women. La Vega's ranche stood upon a sunny slope, in the midst of luxuriant vegetation, and every thing around betokened the wealth of the owner. At the back of the resolutions are thick creations are the countries. the ranche was a thick growth of chapparal, and a young girl was standing at the foot of a great tree, with downcast eyes, ner-vously tapping her riding-habit with a whip she held in her hand. A quick step was heard, and a young man, in the uniform of an American officer, sprung forward and

and American omeer, sprung forward and stood at her side.

"Zara!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, "I am so glad to meet you again!"

He was a handsome, bold-looking young fellow, and she a rare specimen of womanly beauty and grace. At a glance, you could see that she was of Southern blood, the rich tide mantling gloriously in her cheeks, and her thick allow heigh gloriously in her cheeks, and her thick, glossy hair floating about her like

"Why will you persist in seeing me, Edward," she sall, "when you know that I have no right to meet you—I, the daughter of a patriotic Mexican—you, one of the race of the invader

"Because I love you," replied the young soldier, pressing her closer to his breast.
"Because, to you and me these wars are as nothing, and the enmities of the race fade away. I love you, and by that love forget that I am not of your blood, or that you are not of mine" not of mine.

"You can not love as I do, Edward," she said, with her head upon his shoulder. "The children of the North know nothing of the fervor of passion which burns in the bosom of the daughter of the South. For you I am ready to give up all—country, home, name, and friends—and to dwell in a cold land, far from my beloved Mexico;

You shall never repent it, dear one. cried the young man, impulsively. make your life so pleasant that you will forget all else, for my sake. When Monterey falls, and it must fall soon, you shall be my wife, and we shall never be parted again."
"My father will hate me when he knows

that I have given my heart to one of the enemies of Mexico," murmured Zara. "Ah, what a terrible passion is love, which makes us forget all else, and turn against the country we love!" What is this?" cried a harsh voice.

Caramba, girl, what are you doing here?"
"My father!" cried Zara. "Oh, heaven!

The bushes parted, and a dark-browed man, in the garb of a Mexican ranchero, stood before them. He cast a fierce look at the young officer, and, seizing Zara by the

arm, dragged her away.
"Stand back, foolish girl," he hissed, "or I shall do you a mischief! Away with you, and leave me to settle with this madman, who has put his life in my hands."
"I will not go," replied Zara. "Father, you shall not harm him, for I love him."

"You! Away, I say, or my wrath will overwhelm you. Or stay, if you wish to see him die—for die he shall."

He drew a whistle from beneath his clothing, and was about to raise it to his lips, when she sprung at him like a tigress, and grasped him by the arm.
"Do not give the call, my father. If you

would not kill me, let him go in peace. He has done no wrong, for I alone am to "So is it ever with these thrice-accursed Americanos," hissed La Vega. "They over-

run our country, lay waste our cities, and turn our women against the country for which they should be willing to die. Hands off, Zara; I say that he shall not live.' He again raised the whistle, but she clung to his arm, and he could not sound it.

'Fly, Edward," she gasped, "I do not fear him, and you must escape. By way of reply, the young soldier made a single forward step, and grasping the Mexican by the shoulder, tore the whistle

from his hand and ground it beneath his 'I am not a man to suffer you to call your guerrillas to your side, Senor La Vega, said. "Be quiet, or, much against my will, I will put you on your back. Listen to me.

I love your daughter honorably, and would make her my wife."
"She shall die by my own hand sooner than so disgrace me. Ha! take that."

He had succeeded in drawing a knife with his disengaged left hand, and, unperceived the young man, thrust full at his breast. But, the arm of Zara interposed, and, with

a sickening sensation, the young man saw

the bright steel pierce through the beautiful member, and the red blood leap out and

dye the light muslin of the dress she wore. La Vega uttered a wailing cry and dropped the knife.

"Murderer!" cried Edward Fairfield, striking him down at a single blow. "You have killed her."

Zara staggered a little, and her lover caught her in his arms and tore open the sleeve of her dress. The sharp knife had passed through the flesh just below the elbow, inflicting a deep but not dangerous wound. He took off a gay scarf he wore, and wrapped it about the wounded arm, and bade her hasten to the house for assis-

tance.
"If you wish me to come to your aid, leave a letter in the hollow tree, and I shall get it. Hasten, for your wound must be at-

He pressed his lips fervently to hers, and they parted; but, scarcely had they gone a hundred feet, when the whistle of La Vega sounded through the chapparal, and she heard the rushing feet of men, cries of rage and, immediately after, the clatter of hoofs A hearty Yankee cheer and the crack of a pistol followed, and the sounds of pursuit

lied away in the distance.

Zara stanched the blood as well as she could, and, by the time it was done, her father came back, wearing a gloomy look.

"For the present he has escaped," he said; "but, it shall not be for long. There are those upon his track who will give him no rest until he is dead. As for you, unworthy child, you will remain a prisoner until you marry the man I have chosen for

until you marry the man I have chosen for you—Enrico Velasquez."

"I will be a prisoner for life, then," she said, "for I will never marry Enrico Velas-

He took her by the wounded arm so roughly that the blood started from beneath his fingers, and Zara sunk, faint and ghastly, at his feet. All the father in him was awakened by the sight, and he raised her in his arms and carried her to a room, where, for three days, she lay in a fever, calling upon Edward Fairfield's name in heart-rending accents, while her father sat by her, watching her as the tiger watches over his young. His fierce heart was full of hatred of Fairfield, and he was studying plans to get him in his power. When Zara was well enough to be left alone, he went away, and in two days came back, accompanied by a dark young man, in the rich dress of a Mexican major. This was Enrico Velasquez, the man whom he had chosen for his daughter.

He left them alone together, trusting to the young soldier to plead his cause, and he pleaded well. He spoke of the love he had borne her from childhood, of the encouragement he had received, and of the great nterests they had in common; but listened to him as an image might have done. Her only answer was, "I do not love I can not marry one whom I do not

Then his fierce Southern blood grew hot. and he began to reproach her. She heard him in stony silence, refusing to reply to his angry words. He left her, and reported his poor progress to her father, who came to her in turn, and gave her a grave warning to change her mind. She defied him, and would not listen to the priest who was sent

"You will not listen to good counsel, then," said her father. "Then I swear, by my patron saint, that you shall marry Enrico Velasquez in three days. He must go back to his regiment this morning; but I have influence enough to obtain another leave of absence for him, and when he comes back you shall be his wife "I will refuse him at the foot of the

altar. foolish girl. He knows best what is for your interest and for mine. Prepare yourself for the fate which awaits you, and do not dare to refuse the man I have chosen for you. As for your American lover, he has not long to live. Come with me."

He led her into the house, and locked her

into her room, and she heard him order the servants to see that she did not get out. She waited until she saw her father leave the house, and then stole to the window overlooking the veranda. A grapevine trellis furnished an easy ladder for her descent, and she went back and wrote a note to her lover, put on a bonnet and vail, so that she might not attract too much notice, and, descending by means of the trellis, escaped into the chapparal without being seen. Scarcely two hundred yards from the house, in the thicket, stood a huge hol-low tree, in which she had often left a letter for her lover. She stole cautiously forward

the wrist, and she met the scowling eyes of her father, who held a long gun in his hand. "Ha!" he said, "this is well. Now, girl, you have placed my revenge in my hands. This way, Enrico; I think we have snared

took out the letter, and was about to place it in the tree, when an iron hand grasped her by

Enrico, whose departure for the army had been a mere feint, came forward with a savage look upon his face. At a signal from La Vega, they dragged Zara away, and all was silent in the chapparal. Just at dusk Edward Fairfield appeared at the foot of the tree, and thrust his hand into the cavity. While stooping and peering into the gloomy recesses of the tree he was suddenly pound ed upon by half a dozen men, and held fast.

"Now, accursed robber, we have you," cried La Vega. "Bring him forward, men." Edward could see that he was surrounded by a motley group of guerrillas, heavily armed, who regarded him with looks of fierce delight. Even while struggling he gave utterance to a signal whistle of won-derful clearness, and then suffered himself to be led on, until he reached an open glade, in which more of the wild band congregated. And there, held fast by two men, he saw Zara, who cried out in agony as she

saw him a prisoner. There is little need to waste words, Senor Americano," said La Vega. "You have been found lurking within my encampment evidently as a spy. We might hang you, but we will not waste our time in that way. Tie him to vonder tree, men."

He was bound fast to the tree, and as they led him forward, again gave utterance to that strange whistle.
"Gag him," said La Vega. "Do not let

him try that again."

Zara threw off the hands which held her, and, as a firing party stepped out and level led their weapons, ran in between. With an angry oath, La Vega ran in and seized her; but she resisted with all the strength she possessed. Velasquez came forward and lent his aid, and they removed the

struggling girl.
"Stand forward, men," cried La Vega.

The words were just trembling on his lips when the crack of rifles sounded through the chapparal, and a score of blue coats appeared upon the scene, weapons in hand. They were a part of the Mounted Rifles, the terror of the Mexicans, who fled like sheep, hotly pursued by the Americans, and scarcely three out of their number ever saw their homes again. La Vega resisted to the last, refusing to be made a prisoner, and fell by the beauty the last, retusing to be made a prisoner, and fell by the hand of a private of the Rifles. Velasquez was made prisoner, and was sent to Texas. The warning whistle of Fair-field had brought them, just in time to save his life. Zara was conducted in safety to Monterey, and sent in under a flag to an uncle in the city, who was a secret friend of the Americans. When the war was over Zara gave her hand and fortune to the man who had won her heart, and went with him to his Texan home.

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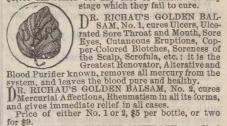
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#### MY EXPERIENCE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I heard Niagara's thunder-roar, I saw its waters leap in frenzy, I stood to wonder and adore, And caught the influenza.

I sailed across the main whose ways Were strewn with many a floating wreck, I lost myself in deep amaze, But found myself quite sick.

I saw Mont Blanc, that towering rose, And took the topmost winter breeze. I stood to mark its glittering snows, And then began to sneeze.

I stood beneath St. Peter's dome, Where all we know of Art is shown, I gazed bewildered, awed and dumb, And had my corns trod on.

I braved the flood Leander crossed, Whose beacon-star was Hero's lamp, I turned again unto the coast Because I got the cramp.

I clomb the grand old Pyramid, Saw stretch away the sandy seas, And I was full of wonderment, And likewise full of fleas.

And once I took farewell of friends And crossed the brine to Coney Isle, I had my pockets picked, eye blacked, And shipwrecked was my tile.

You see I've sought each classic spot My roving fancy had a bent for, But somehow found I always got More than I ever went for.

## Just in Time.

BY ROGER STARRUCK.

The setting sun shed rosy light upon the waters of Plymouth harbor, Massachusetts.
The golden rays streaming down through the rigging of a neat coasting schooner, an-chored alongside a lonely pier, a short dis-tance below the town, fell upon a pretty

This was Minnie Wardon, a beautiful girl of seventeen, wearing a broad-rimmed straw hat, and a dark dress, trimmed with red, which well became her rich olive complexion, glossy black hair and lively, piquant features. Every movement of the superb neck seemed to show to advantage the peculiar litheness of the matchless form, from the shoulders to the neat little gaiters, with the white stockings just revealed.

She leaned over the schooner's after-rail, her gaze turned shoreward, with a look half

vexatious, half expectant.

Soon a fine-looking young sailor made his appearance, coming up a lane leading toward the pier.

At sight of Minnie, his whole face flushed

with joy and his eyes shone like stars.

The girl blushed and smiled, as he took off his hat and bowed to her. They had not seen each other for many

months He was Captain Harry Windham, of the schooner. Minnie and he had been early playmates—boy and girl lovers. Several years previously she had left her mother to go to boarding school. During her vaca-tions, she and Harry had met but once or twice, as he was often away on coasting

voyages.
The old mate of the schooner, Mr. Briggs

Home on vacation, at the present time she had come aboard to see him. 'To see me," her uncle had said, mis-

chievously, "and who else?"
"For shame, uncle," she had answered, pouting; "do you suppose—"
"He'll be here, presently," her uncle had

"There!" Minnie had exclaimed, whirling round on her heel, and dealing her uncle a light box on the ear, "I'll go right home you to dinner to-morrow, but you are so bad that I am sorry I told you."
"I can not come. We sail at ten o'clock to-night, to be gone on a three months' voy-

The young girl turned pale. Then she went on deck, and, as mentioned, stood by the rail, watching for Harry, for whom she also had a message from her mother.

Harry came aboard. She blushed deeply as they shook hands. "You are looking finely," said he; "you have improved."

They conversed a few minutes, when

Minnie said.

"We have a dinner-party to-morrow.

Mamma wants you to come; but uncle says you sail at ten o'clock. Could you not put it off?"

'Do you wish it?" he inquired. She smiled, then drew herself up.
"Mamma wishes it," she said, coquettish-

Harry looked sad.

The dark eyes were shyly turned an instant toward his downcast face. The young captain loved this girl.

He had heard, however, that a young and handsome dry good's clerk visited her whenever she was home on vacation.

Report said they would make a match of it—were probably already engaged.

This had caused him much sorrow. Now he was determined, ere consenting to put off his sailing, to ascertain the truth at once; to propose to Minnie, and thus learn

if she loved him or the other. With a frankness rather abrupt, but pe-culiar to him, he now said, looking her

Minnie, I love you: will you be my wife? She smiled, blushed and tossed her glossy

head like a young colt.

Encouraged he took her hand. She drew it quickly but not ungently away from him, and, without answering, but apparently much embarrassed, commenced beating a state of the deel with the head of one of tattoo on the deck with the heel of one of her little boots.

"Harry! Harry!" screamed Briggs from the cabin at this juncture, "come, quick!"
The young man ran into the cabin, think ing that nothing short of the schooner being on fire would have caused Briggs to scream

He learned, however, that the mate had merely discovered and was searching for a big rat, which he had seen run into the

pantry.

Harry remained below about five minutes; then, trembling with impatience, he went on deck to get his answer from Minnie.

She was gone! Something white lay on the deck. He picked it up—to discover a small piece of paper, upon which, in Minnie's handwriting, vas scratched with a pencil:

"I have no love to give. My heart is anther's! MINNIE." So this was her answer. She had written it and then run away, not even stopping to bid him good-by!

He crushed the note in his hand, and threw it overboard.

At nine o'clock, while Briggs and his

men were making preparations to sail, Minnie's mother came aboard.
"Where is she?" inquired the matron of Captain Windham, who, with stern face and knitted brows, after his great sorrow, was seated in the cabin.

"Who, madam?" he inquired, much startled. " My child-Minnie-she is aboard here, is she not?"

Good heavens, no! Has she not gone home?"

"No. My child! My child! Oh, what can have happened to her?"
"I do not understand it," answered Harry.

She must have left here at seven o'clock. Perhaps she has stopped at some friend's on the way."
"No; I have inquired at the house of

every friend."
"Strange," said Harry, hoarsely; "this must be looked into." He told Briggs to put off the sailing of the vessel, explaining about the missing

Briggs and he put on their coats, and went to assist Mrs. Wardon in her search.

For an hour the search was in vain.
Suddenly, however, while Briggs and Harry were returning toward the pier, they thought they could distinguish a dark object behind one of the huge logs, supporting the bridge. The two men ran aboard, and lowering the schooner's boat, soon reached the object, to discover, by the light of their lanterns, that it was Minnie!

Her arms were entangled in the bight of a rope, which, extending from the schooner, was fast to one of the posts, her head hung sideways while her body was in the water.

She was either senseles or dead!

The men conveyed her into the schooner's cabin, when Harry applied a bottle of brandy to her lips.

Color came to her cheeks; she opened

Color came to her cheeks; she opened her eyes.

Soon she was able to make explanations. While Harry was in the cabin, she had leaned too far across the rail, and had fallen overboard. The tide had carried her toward the post of the pier. Already she had carried the color ward the post of the pier. sunk twice, but, on rising the third time, she had grasped the rope, which, catching round her arms, had held her, as shown, although, becoming senseless, she knew no more from that time until she was restored.

ed head away off to the southward, and a moment later fifty others were bobbing up and down above the grass as they urged their mustangs at a swift gallop toward us.

"Comanche!" grunted old Rube, after a moment's inspection. "We've got to dig fur it hoves an' thet durined onick or the

fur it, boyees, an' thet durned quick, er the imps 'll be onto us."

"Which way, Rube?" sung out one of

the fellows. Foller y'ur nose," was the old trapper's answer; he was standing up in his stirrups, gazing off in a north-easterly direction.
"Less see," I heard him mutter. "Ther

big rock oughter lay summers away thar, but, dang it all, I hain't sartin. Ef we could re'ch thet p'int we'd foolish these varmints sum, I reckon." Then, as if he had deter-mined the matter in his own mind, he shouted: "Git's the word, boyees, an' hyar's should: "Gus the word, boyees, an 'nyar's the road!" and digging his spurs into the old raw-boned mustang he rode, the trap-per led the party at a good round pace.

For two or three miles we managed to keep about the same distance in advance of pursuers with which we had started but, after that, first one, and then another, and another fell behind, and were being

rapidly gained upon by the Indians.
""Twon't do! we've got to keep in a
bunch!" exclaimed old Rube, reining in. Ther skunks'll snake us one arter anuther till they rubs us all out, ef we keeps on this

The wisdom of the remark was admitted at once, and in a few moments we were again all together.

again an together.

It had been my custom in emergencies like the present, when old Rube was with us, to keep my eye on his movements. I could always judge pretty correctly as to the chances of escape by his manner, as well, or better, than by what he said, and, at the same time, be in position to quickly assist in carrying out any sudden movement he might order to be made. None of us ever thought of going contrary to his advice or orders, and in a hundred instances

we had realized the good of so doing.

I had kept a bright look-out for the "big rock" I heard the old fellow muttering about, and at the time we held in to permit the others coming up, I saw, far ahead, a dark object rising from the level which I judged to be the wished-for haven.
"Is that the rock, Rube?" I asked.

"It ar' thet, but I see suthin' better'n git tin' thar. See the skunks dividin' so's to cut us off." 'em! Charge 'em, boyees. Whoop!" and down upon the startled savages we rode like a thunderbolt.

Fifteen to twenty-five was about an even thing, and no ranger would ever want bet-

ter odds.

The other half were completely cut off, and instead of coming to their comrades' assistance, they were flying, and hopelessly, to escape the demon that swiftly pursued.

Between them and us there had arisen a

wall of fire that no living thing could pass. Well, we made short work of those Comanches, and then came the task of looking

out for ourselves.

Despite the high wind, so inflammable were the tall weeds and grass, the fire was "eating" its way back, and we found that we would have to ride rapidly to reach timber, or else be forced to travel directly against

the wind until the prairie ended.

We managed, however, to do the former and by ten o'clock that night, rode into camp, buffalo meat and all safe and sound.

## **Short Stories from History.**

The Death Cave.—The recent terrible atrocities perpetrated in Paris, by Frenchmen upon Frenchmen, most vividly recalls the "Reign of Terror," toward the close of the last century, when prisons fairly swarmed with victims for the guillotine. Among the incidents of that awful time is that of the "Cave of Death," whose true story is as follows:

as follows: In the early part of the French revolution, the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned, were thrown into the Cave of Death on the 9th of December, there to wait the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited of this interval to devise a plan of escape. His sisters, having by means of a very large bribe obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. "It is not now a time to weep," said he, "it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity and ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavor to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chisel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring a

Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he found this was an old well, dried up and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart; some

other means must be sought. A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work with the same ardor, and succeeded in forcing it open. But this led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors beside that at which they had entered now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one, but they had scarcely applied the file when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led into the apartments of the jailer. This idea recalled to their minds that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned toward the Cave of Death to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labors till his return. They had need of some moments rest, and they took advantage of them to fortify them-selves for the rest of their work by taking

When the scout returned, he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death, he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as a sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him; and the scout, joining the party, they plied him so well that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night This was very consola-

Quitting the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened, and found them-selves in a long, dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but, listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in their national uniform were assembled. This was, indeed, a terrible stroke; had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than they had yet encountered?

Only one resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville, and they would rather have found some other exit; but,

"All desperate hazards courage do create, As he plays frankly who has least estate; Presence of mind and courage in distress, Are more than armies to procure succes

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase when Porral cried out, "What are you about? if we attempt to go at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. Arter having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait a while. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court ree. We can then steal out by degrees, and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can go away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get We will return to the cave; and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set off, inform three others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared judicious and safe; it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had

Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Chaffoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them, the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next

The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen who, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others; instead of doing so, cried aloud, "The passage is open; let him that can escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkey; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend in an obscure street, but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined.

Porral, the original author of the plan, took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of the commissaries who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-Cour, he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed everywhere. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner, where he spent the remainder of the day in safety. In the evening, Porral, dressed in women's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotiere, and quitted the city.



"On deck, I found your note—" began Harry, when she interrupted him.
"My note?"

"Yes, in which you rejected me." "I am sure," she cried, astonished, "I had no intention—of—rejecting you. You took me by surprise, but—but—I had intended," she added, blushing deeply, " to

have given you a favorable answer."
"You love me—you will be my wife, then?" cried Harry, in an ecstasy of delight. How, then, about that note?'

She looked puzzled; then suddenly thrust her hand in her pocket.
"I see!" she exclaimed. "I must have

dropped that note, which is a copy of one I sent to the dry good's clerk, in answer to a written proposal from him!"

Harry, who had sent Briggs away to inform Mrs. Waldon of her daughter's reeovery, showered kisses on the young girl's Her mother entered the cabin soon after.

There is little to add. Harry and Briggs were at the dinner-

About six months later, there was another party in honor of Minnie's wedding with Captain Windham.

The young man lived happily with his pretty wife, whom he prized all the more that he had so nearly lost her.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Separating" a War-Party.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"STEADY, thar, 'ee durned chuckle-heads! Don't yur see they're tryin' to git atween us an' the big rock? Let 'em do it, let 'em do it! an' chaw me to etarnity ef I don't make em sick at the'r stummucks!"

It was old Rube Langley that spoke, or rather yelled, to some of the boys on the left of the line who were riding a little faster than the trapper thought they ought to do. The situation was briefly this.

We had left camp, fifteen of us, that morning, for a buffalo drive, a large herd, or drove, having been seen on a neighboring prairie the day before, and after a success ful hunt that had carried us further from camp than we had intended, we were returning, well laden with meat, late in the afternoon.

While about the center of a large "weed" prairie, one of the rangers discovered a tuft-

words with which I have opened the story. Without question, those who were forging ahead again drew rein, and fell back into line Who's got a bit uv spunk?" asked the

old trapper, and instantly half a dozen pieces of punk were produced and held up.
"One's anuff. Set her afire, an' keep her thet away till I hollers. Jess look, boyees, how ther wind's a-gittin' up. It'll blow harder'n that in a leetle, an' then we've got em, durn the'r greasy top-knots! we've got em bad!

this time the flanking party, making the half-circle far beyond range of our rifles, their fresh mustangs going five feet to our wearied ones' two, had nearly succeeded in getting between us and the rock, or rather mound of rocks, as I afterward found it to

As old Rube had predicted, the wind rose steadily, and in less than a quarter of an hour after he had called for the "spunk" it was blowing what sailors would have called a "half-gale."

We were riding with it, and consequently did not fully realize its full force. At length the moment for action upon our part arrived, or so thought old Rube at

Behind us, something over half a mile distant, rode part of the Comanche warparty, numbering twenty-five warriors, while in front, or nearly so, at an equal distance, and about equal in number, were those who had been sent out to cut off the approach to the mound.
"Halt!" shouted Rube, jerking his mus-

tang back upon her haunches, and leaping "Now, then," he continued, suiting the

action to the word, "pull perrairy weeds jess es ef yur war workin' to save yer ha'r!" The boys "took" in an instant, and for a minute or two no sound was heard, save the cracking of dry stalks as we gathered great nandsfull of the grass and weeds, tearing them up, and throwing them as far as possi ble in front.

In a surprising short space of time we had a space some thirty or forty yards long, by two or three in width, clear of all comstible stuff. "Tech her off, an' then make fur y'ur

critters," again shouted the old trapper. The burning punk was applied, a bright flame shot up, and we shot off to where the horses stood, held by some of the men, a few yards back in the grass.
"Now, boyees, give ther imps thar belly full!" cried the irrepressible Rube. "They

wants ter fout, an' we ar' goin' to acomidate

It was at this moment that he uttered the poniard, that if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of de-fense. By this grate, which looks into the Rue Lafond, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them.' The sisters retired, and, in the course of

the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived; a general supper was proposed—the last they thought they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were

laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock, the associates began their labors; one of them was placed as a sentinel next the door of the cave, armed with a poniard, ready to dispatch the turnkey, if at his visit at two o'clock in the morning he should appear to suspect any thing: the others, pulling off their coats, began to

make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; but still they could not force it open was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and, looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavored in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured; and being lighted, and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door, and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

They now found themselves in another rault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it, and found it was hollow. This gave them hopes that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They succeeded in removing the stone, and found, to their inexpressible transport, that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and one of their, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place.